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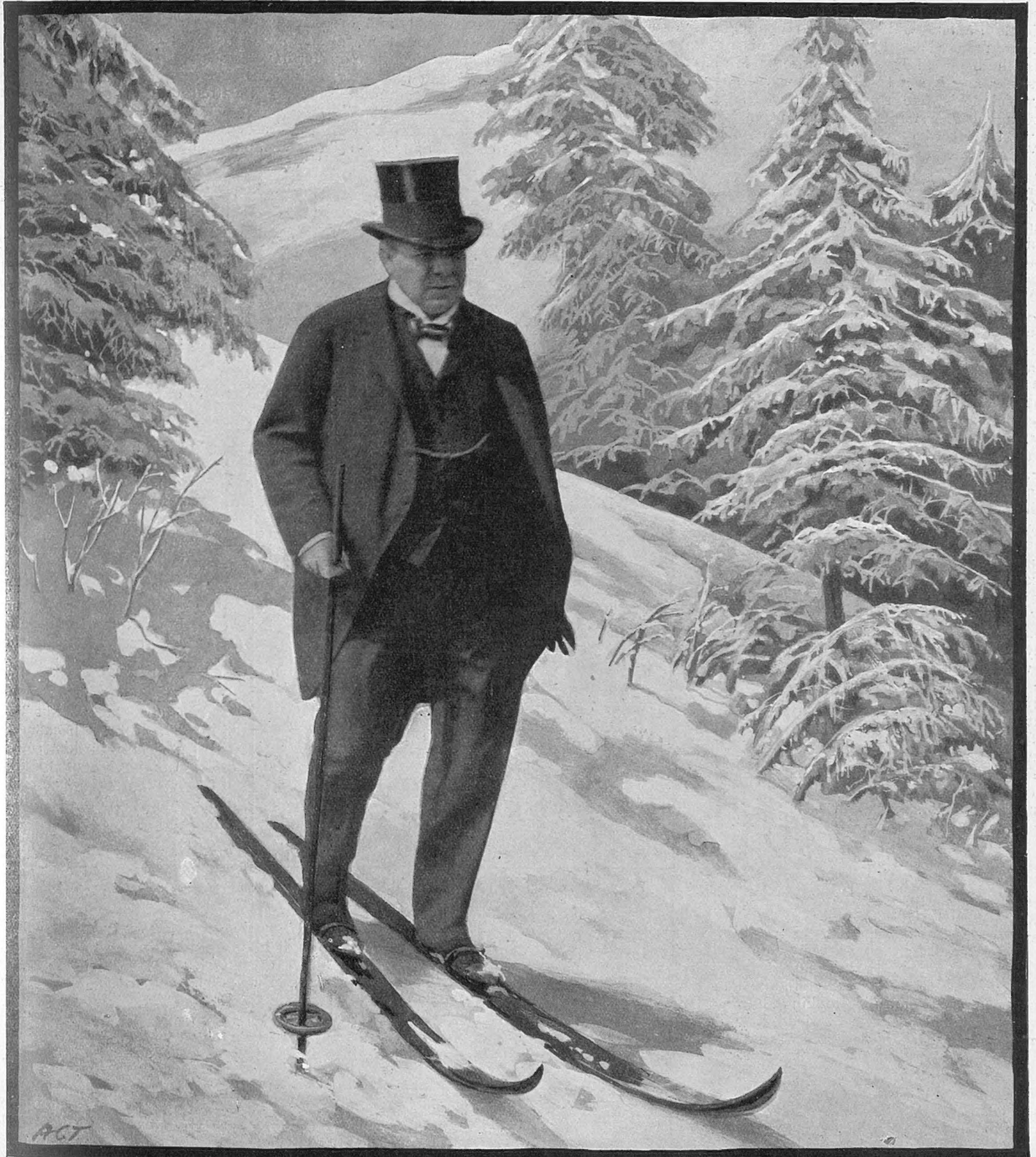
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The Sketch

No. 994.—Vol. LXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



DIRECT PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSURANCE OF THE BRITISH WAR MINISTER'S MOVEMENTS IN GERMANY! LORD HALDANE'S SKI-ING TOUR IN THE BLACK FOREST.

Just to allay the fears of excited Europe as to the reasons for Lord Haldane's much-discussed visit to Germany, we here present him ski-ing in the Black Forest. Not being in the British Cabinet and not having looked through German keyholes lately, we do not profess to guarantee the accuracy of our illustration; but has it not been asserted that photography cannot lie? Meantime, it may be said that Lord Haldane's journey was explained in various ways, which have been discredited. It was said, for example, that it was brought about by his desire to inquire into University affairs in Berlin; by a pursuit of medical studies; by a private visit to friends; by a wish to study the German army at close quarters; by an arrangement to investigate the diamond industry in Germany, thus imitating the avowed object of the German Colonial Minister's visit to London; and by a ski-tour in the Black Forest.—[Photograph by C.N.; Setting by "The Sketch."]

THE GUARDIAN'S DILEMMA.

By ARTHUR LAWRENCE. Illustrated by DUDLEY HARDY, R.I.

WE had not met for quite a long time, and yet, over a simple little dinner at my club, he revealed himself as being ready to haul down the flag of bachelordom. The fact proved to be that he had tied himself up in a mental knot on the subject. Being troubled, he was complimentary enough to pretend to desire my advice. I will disguise his not unpleasing personality under the name of Ernest Hamilton. He has arrived at the age of thirty-six, and has a large and unearned income.

"Well, it's like this," said my friend. "It is about three years ago that I was made a guardian."

"On a Board of Guardians?" I queried.

"Of course not," he answered. "An old friend of mine died, and constituted me sole guardian of her daughter, who was then fifteen. The young lady was left with a small income, and the fear-some responsibility did not weigh upon me overmuch. Well, time passed on—yes, I know that it's a habit with time to do this—but don't interrupt. Last week the moment arrived when she was to return from her convent school in Belgium. Then I awoke to the fact that, never having seen her, I had no idea what she was like, and had no notion what I ought to do with a girl of eighteen. I don't know quite why, but I had pictured her as a bilious and scraggy young creature, and, possibly because she had done well in her work, wearing spectacles.

"On the day of her arrival I had business to do in the City, which I knew would prevent me from meeting the train, so I sent my man round to meet it, with a note that I would introduce myself to her at lunch. There is a hotel in London where the properest young person can put up and feel quite at home, so I asked her to drive straight from the station to the Waldorf. She was a little too old to pat on the head, but I thought that an attitude which one might describe as the not-too-stern-and-unbending-paternal, would be about the right note.

"The hotel, by the way, is now under the management of Mr. L. E. Cornut, whom, by undeserved luck, I happened to meet in the vestibule. I have great confidence in him, partly, I believe, because he is such a nice-looking fellow. He told me that Miss Margaret Helmsley had just arrived, had been shown to the suite of rooms which I had ordered, and was now awaiting me in the public drawing-room.

"I slipped into the drawing-room, ready with a paternal sort of easy apology, but after glancing around I thought that, for once in his life, Mr. Cornut had made a mistake. There was no one there who coincided with the lady I had expected to see. Then the most fascinating demoiselle I have ever met in my life rose from her chair and smilingly asked me if I was Mr. Hamilton. It was not my ward who was shy. It was I.

"It was too absurd to think of attempting any paternal condescension with a girl nearly as tall as myself, whose *chic* appearance was accentuated by her quiet, convent-school manners—the frank, healthy, delicious schoolgirl whom you read of, but seldom meet."

As a creature who is presumed to have some sort of vague epicurean position in our Metropolis, I wished to know particularly why Hamilton desired his ward to go to the Waldorf.

"Well," said Hamilton, who is much more a man-about-town than myself, "because I know the Waldorf and I know Cornut, for one reason. For another reason, because the Waldorf has all the luxury and comfort of other first-class hotels, but is more economical, and even I like value for my money.

"Then, again, the Palm Court is an ideal rendezvous for a young lady who has time on her hands and wants amusement. Also, with a ward to look after, I find it convenient to be so near the City, right in the middle of the theatres, and so convenient for the shopping centres."

"Hamilton," I said, as I asked the Club waiter to bring us our coffees and the usual accompaniments, "I know something of London, and I think you are right. Of course, I know that a very large number of people appreciate the Waldorf as much as we do.

"However, my dear Hamilton," I added, "it is merely because I have earned the reputation of being a *bon vivant* that I have ventured to interrupt your narrative; but do let me hear the end of your story."

"There isn't any end to it—yet," said my perplexed friend. "I hate to admit it to myself, but, quite between ourselves, I have fallen violently in love with my own ward. She is eighteen and I am thirty-six. Without any great mental effort, you will see that I am double her age. My age and my guardianship show me that I am tempted to be false to my trust. I am introducing Lord X. and some others to her, and have found an aged aunt who will look after her; but"—and Hamilton became quite majestic in his self-revelation—"I want to kill those young fellows, and also my aunt, and look after her myself."

"Is the young lady willing?" I asked, with a hideously incongruous recollection of Barkis in Dickens.

"I am almost confident that she is," replied my friend; "but I am her guardian, and I'm eighteen years older. It's quite impossible. Disgraceful of me even to think of it. If I were blighter enough to try and win her young heart, what *would* the world say of me?"

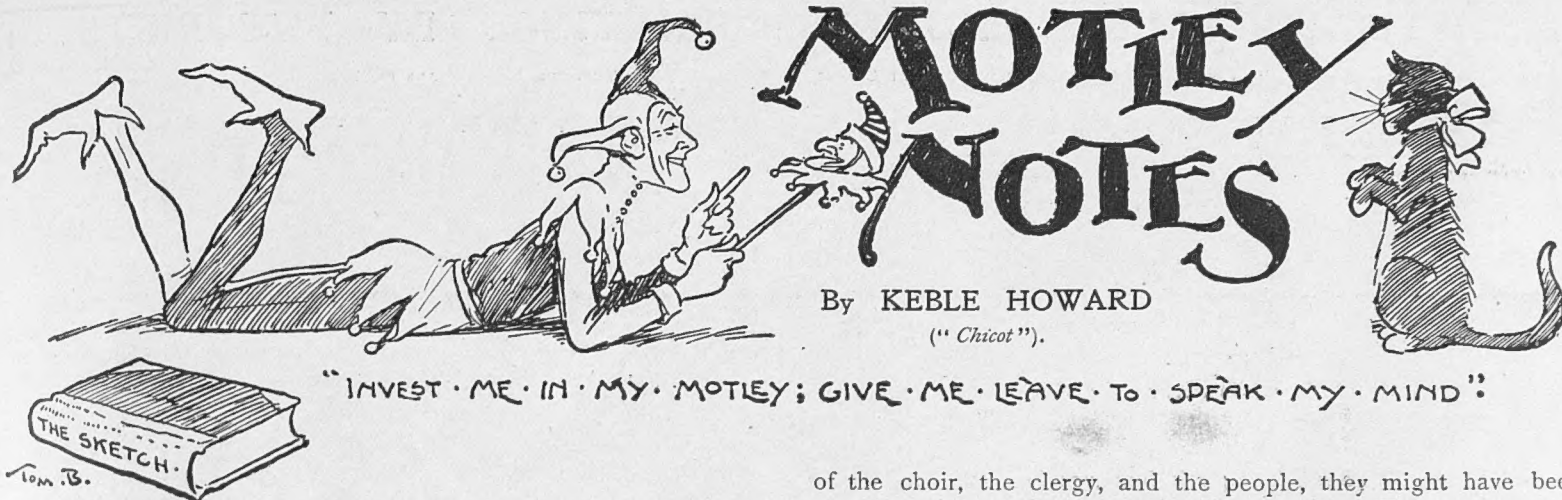
I was not majestic. I was simply severe. I felt I could not be frivolous. I wanted to give my guest some advice, and leave the responsibility to him.

"If Margaret cares for you, and you care for her, don't you give her away or lose yourself because of so-called conventional ideas or irresponsible criticism. Go in and win. I have an instinct that your young ward prefers her guardian to anyone she is likely to meet this side of anything. When she is forty you will be a mere boy of fifty-eight. I don't see anything in it. So just settle the question as soon as you can, and make me the best man at the wedding. There is, as you have pointed out, a fine reception room at the Waldorf, and allow me to be there inside of three months."

My guest shook my hand with a violence of approval which almost amounted to ferocity; and I am now wondering if my advice will be endorsed by the best people, and also whether that matters.



"THE PALM COURT IS AN IDEAL RENDEZVOUS."



The Royal Homecoming.

It is, I know, a little late to write about the homecoming of the King and Queen, but English readers must remember that *The Sketch* has a very large circulation in the Colonies, and that Colonial readers look forward to the personal impression of any great event. The cabled newspaper report, however ably written, can never have quite the same interest as a letter from a friend, and I like to think—indeed, my correspondence encourages me to think—that a good many Colonial readers do regard these quiet notes as a weekly letter from a friend in the Old Country.

The King and Queen were timed to pass under the Admiralty Arch, on their way from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace, at 12.48. The morning was bitterly cold, but I happen to belong to a club very near to Trafalgar Square. I was able to sit in front of a big fire, therefore, until 12.40. At 12.41, by merely walking into Trafalgar Square, I had a perfect view of Whitehall and the entrance to the Mall.

"That's the best of bein' tall," said a voice just behind me.

"I can't very well lift you up," I replied.

"That's all right, mate. If that blinkin' perliceman wus ter move, I might see the 'orses' 'eads."

Something human always happens when a London crowd assembles. At the funeral of Queen Victoria, a mounted policeman, taking pity on a woman who had no chance of seeing the procession, kindly lifted her on to his saddle. Thereupon such a jeering and a hooting and a cat-calling arose that the large man, for very decency, had to place the lady once more upon the ground.

At the funeral of King Edward a little man near me had conceived the idea of fastening a small hand-mirror to the ferrule of his umbrella. He then held the mirror high over his head in a slanting position. Whether he could see anything or not I don't know, but the scheme appealed to the girls in the crowd, who promptly opened their reticules, took out the inevitable little mirrors, tied them to the ferrules of their umbrellas, and held them over their heads.

On Monday of last week the human touch was supplied by the sudden appearance of a huge policeman at the summit of the Admiralty Arch. Outlined against the sky, he looked enormous. His girth had every possible chance. I suppose he had been sent up there to arrest any bomb-dropper who might happen to be about. He was presently joined by a comrade, who came stepping delicately across the roofs of the neighbouring houses. I think the two heroes were quite unconscious of the splendid picture they presented to the crowd below.

The King and Queen were three minutes before time. Both, as you have been told, looked well, happy, and smiling. One thought of that picture of the King lunching in the open at the elephant-shoot, and one would have liked to ask him a question or two about the contrast of climate. However, there was little or no opportunity for idle chat.

At Westminster Abbey.

In the afternoon, I walked down to Westminster Abbey on the chance of hearing something of the Thanksgiving Service. Here, again, I was in luck. I had just made up my mind that I should have to stand for an hour, when a polite vergers escorted me to a seat in the nave. By a curious chance, I occupied almost exactly the same position on the occasion of Sir Henry Irving's funeral.

There was something lacking in the Thanksgiving Service at the Abbey. I think we should have started off with the National Anthem instead of concluding with it. From the general bearing

of the choir, the clergy, and the people, they might have been at a funeral instead of a thanksgiving service. The congregation had no chance of joining in the singing until the very end. The Processional Hymn was new to me, and I think it must have been new to the majority. At any rate, having assembled with eager faces and full hearts, they stood mutely by and stared at the choir.

The organ at the Abbey is a very powerful instrument. When it likes, it can drown the choir the congregation, and the vergers. It can shake the roof, and the floor, and the walls. It liked to show its power several times during that Service, but in a gusty, boisterous way that left one cold. I don't know who was playing it, but the instrument appeared, now and again, to be getting out of hand. I hope I shall never read that it has blown the roof off.

From my Window. The next day, Tuesday, I had a great surprise.

Looking out of my window in the morning, I saw that Northumberland Avenue was in the possession of the soldiery. There the splendid fellows stood, a few paces apart, leaning on their rifles. I took up the paper and discovered that the two royal processions were to return from St. Paul's by way of Northumberland Avenue. Here was another piece of luck. I had a perfect view of the whole thing without leaving my chair. For years I have been accustomed to all sorts of processions, including the Lord Mayor's Show, passing practically beneath my windows, but the royal processions never came this way until the opening of the Admiralty Arch. I am hoping that, having found this new route, the authorities will use it often. To let them look from your window is such an easy and delightful way of entertaining your friends.

After the King and Queen, just as well and happy as on the day before, had passed, there was a little pause. And then came Queen Alexandra, wonderfully young, and very sweet and gentle and gracious in her simple widow's bonnet and veil. The crowd had not forgotten that historic letter, and she was greeted with a roar that warmed the heart to hear. There are some things that the Londoner does rather better than any other citizen in the world. This was one of them. It was easy to see, through one's glasses, the smile of genuine delight on the beautiful face of the Queen-Mother.

The Telephone Revolt.

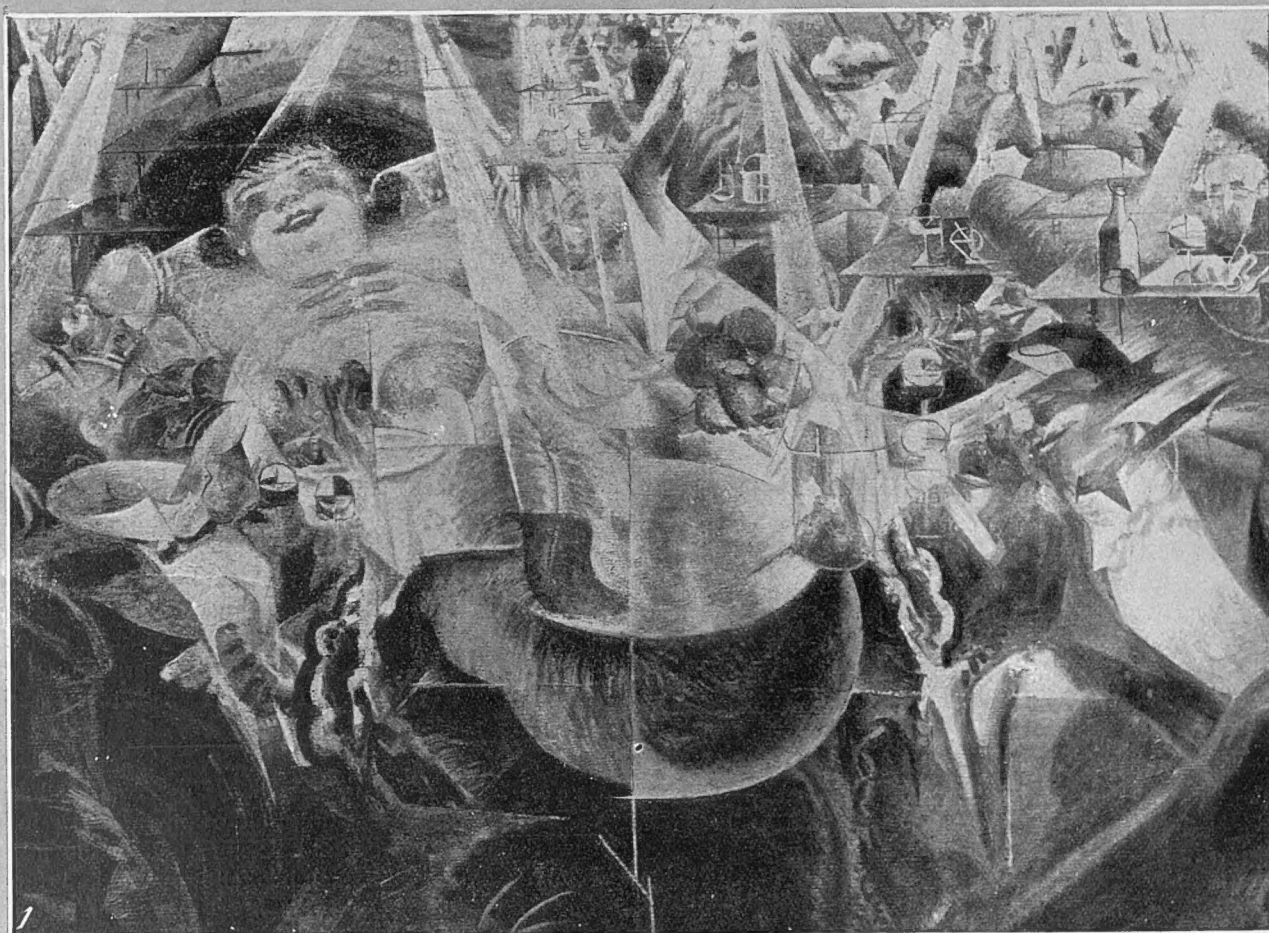
We must stick to it. We shall never get the remedy until we know where to lay the blame. I doubt whether the operators are really to blame. They don't sound as if they meant one any harm. They sound rather tired—rather as though there wasn't any great amount of fun, after all, in arranging for one complete stranger to talk with another complete stranger about several other complete strangers. However, by sticking to it, we may benefit the operators as well as the subscribers.

I can sympathise with Mr. Mandeville B. Phillips, the Secretary to the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation. In addition to being compelled to listen, as I know he must be, to heartrending stories of genteel poverty—the worst poverty of all—he also finds himself "merged in the identity of Messrs. Johnson Bros., general earthenware dealers, as we often receive more messages for that firm than for ourselves. We have occasionally," writes Mr. Phillips with praiseworthy humour, "some really interesting communications about tiles and other matters relating to earthenware goods, and are acquiring a useful, though perhaps superficial, knowledge of that business."

For my part, I am inundated with daily orders for forage. I am coping with them vigorously, but they keep one hard at it.

STATES - OF - MIND PICTURES : PAINTINGS BY FUTURISTS.

BY COURTESY OF MM. BERNHEIM-JEUNE ET CIE, AT WHOSE GALLERY IN PARIS THE PICTURES ARE ON VIEW.



1. MIND-SHAKING LAUGHTER: "LE RIRE" BY BOCCIONI.

2. RED DEATH: "LES FUNÉRAILLES DE L'ANARCHISTE GALLI." BY CARRÀ.

The Italian "Futurists" declare that, without boasting, their exhibition of Futurist Art in Paris is the most important show of Italian paintings which has ever been offered for the judgment of Europe. Their "intoxicating aim" is to depict states of mind, to compel the spectator to live in the picture, which must be the synthesis of what we see and what we remember. For instance, they argue, when the right shoulder or the right ear of an individual is shown, it is useless to represent also the left shoulder or the left ear of that figure. Further, they do not illustrate sounds, but the vibrating intervals between sounds.—

[Continued opposite.]

RESULTS OF AN "INTOXICATING AIM": FUTURIST PAINTINGS.

BY COURTESY OF MM. BERNHEIM-JEUNE ET CIE, AT WHOSE GALLERY IN PARIS THE PICTURES ARE ON VIEW.



1. CAB-JOLTS: "CAHOTS DE FIACRE." BY CARRÀ.

2. A PROBLEM-PLAY PARADE? "SORTIE DE THÉÂTRE." BY CARRÀ.

Continued]

—They declare that any form of imitation should be despised, and that every form of originality should be glorified; that there should be a revolt against the expressions "good taste" and "harmony," which are too elastic and could be used to demolish, for instance, the works of Rembrandt, Goya, and Rodin; that art criticism is useless and harmful; that all subjects that have been dealt with should be neglected in favour of our whirling life of steel, pride, speed, and fever; that the name "madman," by which people stigmatise innovators, should be regarded as a title of honour; that innate complementarism is a necessity in painting, as blank verse is in poetry and polyphony in music; that universal dynamism must be shown in painting as a dynamic sensation; that the method of representing nature must above all be sincere and original; and that movement and light destroy the materialism of bodies. Further, they would suppress the nude for ten years.

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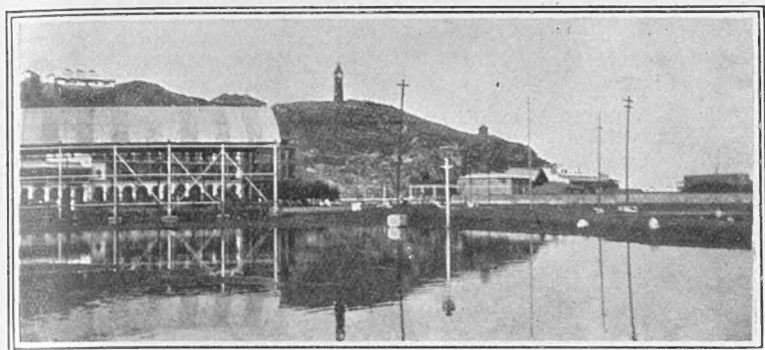
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The "Agent Provocateur." Whatever else may transpire as to the causes which led to the heavy sentence of the German Judges on Mr. Bertrand Stewart, the young solicitor and officer in the Territorials, one thing seems to be sure, that he



AFTER FIVE MINUTES' HEAVY RAIN! ADEN "UNDER WATER"—A ROADSIDE POOL REFLECTING THE STAND UNDER WHICH "THE KING AND QUEEN" STOOD TO RECEIVE AN ADDRESS.

Our correspondent, describing the photograph, which was taken on Jan. 17 after five minutes' rain, says: "Aden has on an average about three wet days each year, and this is one of the rare occasions that the Port is seen 'under water,' making the photograph of interest to those who are under the general impression that Aden never sees rain."

was led into the trap, whatever that trap may have been, by a gentlemanly Belgian who spoke four languages and was prepared to make himself useful as an interpreter and in other ways, and who was the denouncer of and sole witness against the young Englishman. We in England are happily unacquainted with the *agent provocateur*, and our magistrates and judges sternly discountenance any imitation of his methods in this country. On the Continent, however, he is well known, and is considered a most useful auxiliary of the Secret Police, when he is not, as he often is, a member of that body.

His Methods. The pleasant, well-mannered foreigner of no particular nationality who scrapes an acquaintance at a café or in a railway waiting-room by asking for a match or the loan of a paper or a time-table, and in the course of conversation expresses a dislike for the methods and manners of the country he is travelling in, may quite well, if he is encouraged, state that he is in possession of information which would be of great value to any foreign War Office, and that he would be prepared to part with it owing to his dislike for the country it concerns. If the listener sees in this an opportunity to be of benefit to the Intelligence Department of his own country, he has taken the first step towards arrest and imprisonment, and the agent feels sure that his prey is already in the toils. Just such information passes as will be of no particular value except as evidence against the dupe, enough meetings between the two are arranged to make conviction secure, and then comes the denunciation and the arrest; and if public feeling is running high against the country to which the arrested man belongs, he is likely to obtain short shrift. The moral of this, which holds good at all times and particularly now, is for an Englishman, especially if he be a soldier, not to drift when abroad into easy acquaintance with gentlemanly foreigners concerning whom he knows nothing, and, above all, not to talk of politics or of military matters with chance acquaintances. The *flegme Britannique*, the British reserve for which we are derided, has its good uses after all.

The Quality of Mercy. What the evidence exactly was on which the Court at Leipzig condemned Mr. Bertrand Stewart we shall probably not know until Mr. Stewart is released from the fortress.

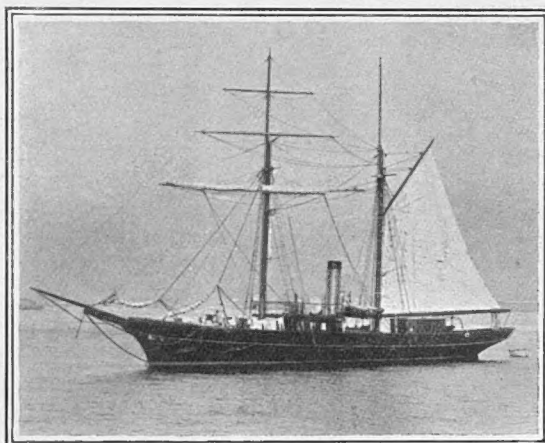
Whether the young solicitor will serve his full term, or whether the Kaiser may find justification for shortening the period, is a matter on which it is useless to speculate; but this it is only right to remember—that the German Judges, though the sentence inflicted was a severe one, did not bow to the appeals made to them in the German Press that the sentence should be a "dishonouring" one, nor did they accede to the Public Prosecutor's demand that the sentence should be one of hard labour. Like every other Briton, I am exceedingly sorry for the misfortunes which have come to the young Englishman, whose patriotism seems to have been played upon by a rascal; I sympathise with his young wife in her tremendous anxiety; and I hope that Fortune may give a turn to her wheel ere long and send Mr. Bertrand Stewart back to his wife and London.

Officers Travelling Abroad. The new regulations to be observed by officers on the active list travelling in Alsace and Lorraine, whether they be Regulars or Territorials, are likely to prevent any officer from travelling in those German provinces at all unless he has some very pressing reason for doing so.

To report personally to the commander of a garrison or a fortress or to the head police office is not an amusing way of spending time in a foreign town, and when a British officer is detained at Strasburg, for instance, owing to a break in railway connection, he might well lose train after train by being obliged on each fresh extension of time spent in the town to report anew. There is the making of a military farce out of the situation of a young English officer who spends so much time in reporting himself to the authorities of Alsace and Lorraine that he is never able to get away from those provinces. The advice given to all officers to carry passports holds good for civilians as well.

A Comedy of Registration.

Once, travelling in the South of France, I had omitted to bring my passport with me, and a remittance was sent to me at the Poste Restante at Beaulieu in a registered letter. The authorities would not deliver the registered letter to me when I called at the Post Office because I had not got my papers. The postman coming to my hotel could only give it over to me if he found me in my bed-room, which is considered, curiously enough, to be evidence that one is the person registered on the hotel books as occupying that room. At last by lying in bed all the morning I succeeded in being at home when the postman called, and obtained my letter and the bank-notes it contained.



OWNED BY MEMBERS OF THE "HOLY GHOST AND US SOCIETY": THE "BARRACOUTA."

The "Barracouta," owned by the Holy Ghost colonists, of Shiloh, Me., recently put in an appearance in Boston Harbour, manned by members of the curious religious sect. She is regarded as a vessel of mystery. To quote our correspondent: "Everything about the ship is spick-and-span, and her cabins are handsomely furnished. She is equipped with a natty gasoline launch. No strangers are allowed on board."—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



DOGS IN HARNESS ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH: SAMOYEDS DRAWING A SLEDGE. Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



FEBRUARY has given a new life to the remembrance of birthdays, a new zest to those who keep a book. For Earl Beauchamp the 20th is a date that means a celebration and a cake. The Earl of Warwick and Lord Charles Beresford have, like the shade of "Boz," already been congratulated; on the 17th Lord Leconfield receives for the first time a wife's birthday greeting; on the 19th the Duke of Bedford will reach the age of fifty-four, and Baroness Cederström will lift her unstaled voice to acknowledge greetings to Adelina Patti on an anniversary that adds another year to her age, but seems to leave her vocal chords almost as young as ever.

Charles Dickens and Others.

St. Valentine's Day is to-day; Lord Redesdale's on the 24th. Viscount Lewisham is thirty-one on the 22nd, and, one year younger, Viscount Bury was born on the 28th of the month. The Earl of Cromer, who has had honours and birthdays enough to dull the edge of expectation, will receive congratulations on entering his seventy-second year on the 26th; but let the hearty friend be moderate in the performance of his duties. "Go to the—Dickens!" was the reproof of one nobleman, born on the 7th, when he was slapped on the back for the second time.

His Majesty Man's Opposition.

The Earl of Cromer, who is reminded on the 26th how much he owes to womankind, takes the chair at the great Albert Hall meeting in opposition to Women's Suffrage on the 28th. It is a meeting hedged about with difficulties, for traitors are suspected. Members of the Anti-League will not be entitled to tickets unless their membership is of a certain age. Lady Constance Lytton, for instance, cannot join the Anti-League to-day, get her ticket, and on the 28th go and make a Suffrage speech that would be wittier, if briefer, than any delivered from the platform. But once suspicion is aroused, there is no end

to it; what of the anti-gentlemen with militant wives? How can it be determined that they have not been converted at the last moment? There is Mr. Annan Bryce, M.P., for one—is he entirely safe? During the last General Election Mrs. Annan Bryce accepted the hospitality of her brother-in-law, the British Ambassador at Washington, that she might not be tempted to support her husband's candidature in Inverness, and so give help to an anti-Suffragist. But, if not through Mr. Annan Bryce, then by hook or by crook there will be the usual "A Voice" at the Albert Hall.

Watson a Name. The announcement of the engagement of Mr. Henry A. Milles-Lade and Miss Benyon has just been made, but perhaps not all Lord Sondes' friends recognise his brother in the "Mr. Miller-Lade" of the daily papers. The misprint helps to confuse for the casual observer an identity already, perhaps, a trifle obscured by the assumption of the additional surname of Lade. "Be what you seem to be," says the family motto, but that has been no bar to an occasional revision of the family cognomen. The first Baron Sondes was first a Monson, then a Watson; the fourth Baron became Milles by Royal License, and the Hon. Henry Milles-Lade, brother of the third Earl, has the same authority for his own modification.

Orange-Blossoms with a Difference.

The marriage of Lady Gladys Finch-Hatton to Mr. Osmond Williams, the heir of his father's baronetcy, was celebrated without any of the usual invitation of public attention, and even without the customary invitations to friends to church and breakfast. Extremes certainly did not meet in the cases of Lady Gladys' wedding and



THE HON. MRS. RUPERT BECKETT AND HER FOUR DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. Rupert Beckett, wife of Baron Grimthorpe's younger brother, a partner in the banking firm of Beckett and Co., of Leeds, was Miss Muriel Helen Florence Paget, and is the daughter of Lord Berkeley Charles Sydney Paget, uncle of the Marquess of Anglesey.—[Photograph by Spence.]



THE COUNTESS OF CLONMELL, WITH HER DAUGHTERS, THE LADIES MOIRA AND SHEILA SCOTT.

Before her marriage to the seventh Earl, in 1901, the Countess of Clonmell was known as Miss Rachel Estelle Berridge. She is a daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Berridge, of Toft Hill, Rugby. Her elder daughter was born in 1902; her younger in 1906.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



THE WIFE OF SIR ANTHONY WELDON, BT.: LADY WELDON AND HER THREE SONS.

Lady Weldon was Miss Winifred Varty-Rogers, and is a daughter of the late Colonel Varty-Rogers, of Broxmere Park, Romsey, Hants. Her husband, who is the sixth Baronet of a creation dating from 1723, was appointed Vice-Chamberlain to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland (Lord Aberdeen) in 1905, and State Steward and Chamberlain three years later.

Photograph by Lafayette.

that of her brother, Viscount Maidstone, in 1910. His bride was Miss Margaretta Drexel, and she attracted a vast throng to St. Margaret's, Westminster, a church dedicated to her name-saint and festooned from roof to pew with marguerites. Last week's bride was one of the ten maids to whom she set example. But Lady Gladys is a copyist who makes differences; Lady Maidstone's wedding presents filled several American liners; Lady Gladys' friends were well-nigh denied the pleasure of making any.



A LADY OF GRACE, AND CUPID: THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON, WITH HER YOUNGEST SON.

Her Grace, a daughter of Major Robert Poore, married the Duke of Hamilton, Premier Peer of Scotland, in 1901. Her eldest son, the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale, was born in 1903; her youngest, in 1909. She is a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in England. Her husband is Hereditary Keeper of Holyrood Palace, and claims the Earldom of Selkirk, and the Dukedom of Chatellerauld (France).

Photograph by Lafayette.

GEORGE — OF PRUSSIA : THE NEWEST PRINCE IN GERMANY.



THE KAISER'S YOUNGEST GRANDSON AND HIS BROTHERS: THE TWO-MONTHS-OLD PRINCE FREDERICK, WITH PRINCES LOUIS FERDINAND, HUBERT, AND WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.

The Kaiser's youngest grandson, the fourth son of the German Crown Prince and Princess, was born on Dec. 19 of last year. He was christened in the Crown Prince's Palace, Berlin, on the evening of Jan. 29, receiving the name Frederick, with others, including George, William, and Christopher. His eldest brother, Prince William, was born on July 4, 1906; Prince Louis Ferdinand was born on Nov. 9, 1907; and Prince Hubert, on Sept. 30, 1909.—[Photograph supplied by E.N.A.]



CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.



"WHAT is the Ideal Woman?" is the riddle of the week. The Ideal Woman is the one we have not yet met, but hope to meet to-morrow.

New York is considering the advisability of providing cells *de luxe* for banker prisoners who may desire to pay for them. Also, golden handcuffs and diamond-studded prison raiment.

What foolish persons these Swiss peasants

are! They will not accept their Government's new banknotes because the design is inartistic. How in the world do they expect to fulfil the great law of Get-Rich-Quick?

Following a political discussion in the Portuguese Chamber, two Deputies fought a bloodless duel with pistols. That is so wise of them. It is these bloodless duels which supply the interest in life in countries where there is neither football nor golf.

TO MY VALENTINE.

(He must be a bold man who would venture to ask the modern maid to be his Valentine.)

Phyllis, 'tis with trepidation
That I venture to suggest
You should heal the palpitation
Which is ruining my chest.
'Tis not that old-fashioned question,
'Wilt thou, dearest one, be mine?'
But a modester suggestion—
'Will you be my Valentine?'

Yes, I'm well aware it's Leap Year,
And that you're a Suffragette,
And the fact that men are cheap here
I'm not likely to forget.
But I love a spice of danger,
So I beg you won't decline,
Like the bow-wow in the manger—
Will you be my Valentine?

British officers travelling in Germany must for the future submit to all sorts of restrictions. The simplest way would be for all British travellers of every description to keep away from the Happy Fatherland until the Germans have got over their fit of the Rodjestvenski jumps.

The "Grizzly Bear Dance" is the latest importation from America. The "Bear-Leaders" have evidently only just arrived in time.

Mrs. Harry Humphries, of the U.S.A., is walking round the world, to show what her sex can do.



Quite unnecessary. We all know that a woman can walk round or get round anybody if only she gives her mind to it.

"The only way to keep furs sound," says an expert, "is to beat them regularly every day or two." They will thus be placed on the same plane with the women who



wear them, according to the old proverb.

A Russian has presented the Speaker with a magnificent frozen bear, standing ten feet high. This will be a really useful present if we have another hot summer this year.



An exhibition of precious metals and precious stones will be held in London next July, but the public will not be admitted and the exhibits will be kept in locked safes. A very informing and instructive show.



Kempinski's, the popular restaurant in Berlin, has just opened a new "Hohenzollern Hall," with tiles and pottery from the Kaiser's works at Cadinen. It must be so hard to refuse the War Lord when he comes round to the back-door asking for orders for his crockery.

THE VORACIOUS CODLING.

(An angler at Aldeburgh has landed a codling which contained six sprats, a teacupful of clams, several small crabs, a score of shrimps, and other similar loot.)

The ostrich in Natural History books

Is famed as the Champion Guzz
And anything tough that he cannot stuff

The camel or emu does.

These are the gormandising three
But their exploits all must pale
Before what is told of the codling—
bold

In this very voracious tale.

They ripped that juvenile codling up,
And in his inside they found
A pint of dabs, and a quart of crabs,
A score of sprats, and a pound
Of shrimps, and probably watercress,
And clams on a similar scale;
So now you know where the cod-
lings grow
Uncommonly like a whale!

Talking of the ostrich's swallow, an ostrich has just died in Bedfordshire after eating seven pounds of stones, a spanner, and a bicycle puncture-outfit. Ingenious bird! The stones having punctured its appendix, it introduced the spanner and the outfit in the fond hope of patching up the damage.

An Italian scientist has discovered that the bluer the water in which fish are kept the more rapidly do they grow. This is all very well for Italy, but if anyone tried it on in England we should have Rev. Meyer and his like interfering to stop the poor little fish having their morals tainted by the blueness of the blue.

To avoid influenza, get up at five o'clock in the morning and boil and drink a small cup of black coffee, at the same time swallowing one simple quinine pill. Not much! The influenza would be less trouble than that.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD: ORGANS OF GREAT PRICE.



1. MASSENET 2. WEINGARTNER. 3. HUBAY. 4. DEBUSSY. 5. ENESCO. 6. KUBELIK. 7. SAINT-SAËNS. 8. RICHARD STRAUSS.

THEIR MOST VALUABLE ORGANS: EARS OF SOME FAMOUS MUSICIANS.

Dr. Birman-Bera, dealing with the ears of famous musicians, has come to the conclusions that it is not necessary to have normal ear-drums to be an excellent musician; that composers as a class have erect, almost vertical, ear-drums; and that musicians other than composers have ear-drums whose positions vary from the slanting to the vertical, including all intermediate forms.



HURT WHILE THEIR OWNER WAS ACTING AS HIS OWN MANICURIST: JAN KUBELIK'S HANDS.
WHICH ARE INSURED FOR £47,000.

It is reported that an insurance office which insured the fingers of Kubelik, the famous violinist, for £47,000, is to be asked to pay a tenth of that sum to the great virtuoso. It appears that, when manicuring his nails the other day, Kubelik filed the nail of the second finger of his right hand a little too short, causing irritation, which decided him to give up playing for a short time. The hand is now normal again, in perfect condition. Kubelik, by the way, is about to abandon the strenuous life, and will not give more than thirty concerts a season in future. He has made over £200,000, and wishes to devote more time to his family—he has five children, the eldest of whom, seven-year-old twins, already play the violin well. Kubelik is thirty-two—oh, lucky Jan!—[Photograph by Becker and Maass.]



BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"Like Niobe." "The Dust of Egypt" may be a little disappointing as the first work of a young author; but if you are in the mood, it will serve very well. A good dinner, a pleasant companion, and prospect of an agreeable supper may enable you to laugh through most of the four acts and feel you have had an excellent entertainment without suffering any risk of brain-fag. Critics may say that it is *vieux jeu*—though some would be hard put to pronounce the words; but that charge only matters if you attempt to consider Mr. Alan Campbell's play as a work of art; and if you are wise, you won't. And is there not the beautiful Miss Enid Bell to be seen, in a wonderful Egyptian robe, acting with much intensity?—and another pretty girl, Miss Gladys Harvey, who plays quite pleasingly? Mr. Du Maurier may rather disappoint his admirers, for he has a poor part and few chances for displaying his wonderful dry humour. Mr. Lyston Lyle caused abundance of laughter as an elderly General, fascinated by the Egyptian.

"Travellers." "Travellers," the latest production of the Stage Society, also is, I believe, a first work. The author, Mr. Norman McKeown, takes himself quite seriously and faces bravely, if sometimes without great tact, his problem of two men fighting for a woman. Still there is force in his work, and at times real character, so that one rather regrets an air of conscious striving for theatrical effect in the big scene of the play, and, on the other hand, feels sufficient belief in the characters to wonder what happens after the play is over. Quite a fine piece of acting was given by Miss Madge Macintosh as the woman, well marked by technical skill and sense of character. Mr. Guy Rathbone as a miner, a rough leader of men, who nearly succeeds in misleading the heroine, played ably, though he was a little too genteel.

"The Fire Screen." Mr. Sutro's new play deals with the problem handled in "Travellers," but inverts it: instead of two men struggling for one woman, it is two women for

problem to tackle, and tries to work it out by character, whilst the author of "The Fire Screen" is only concerned to write a play of intrigue and get a novel flavour to well-worn situations, so he introduces a fourth character, though, in effect, he sticks to the conventional trio by making the husband over whom the women are fighting a passive creature, almost a nonentity, in the drama. The fourth character is a modern English Don Juan, or rather, let me say, a Britannic "Marquis de Priola"—a dreadfully wicked,

MR. DENNIS EADIE AS FERRAND, THE ALIEN.



successful woman-hunter; by-the-bye, woman-hunting hardly seems as good a form of sport for the figure as golf. I confess that when Mrs. Haddon called in the Don Juan to help her against the very naughty Angela I fancied that she was going to find him fascinating and singe her own wings, and that the moral would be that it is as dangerous to play with the fire-screen as with the fire. However, it was Angela who got caught, or, to be more accurate, bowled out. Quite a neatly written play, with some witty lines and excellent acting parts. Mr. Arthur Bourchier was really at home as lady-killer, and played with plenty of humour, except in the heroics on a point of honour that form the "bing-bang" ending of the third act. Miss Violet Vanbrugh was at her best as the wife, and Miss Kate Cutler acted cleverly in the part of the wicked Angela, but was rather too elaborate and slow. Very good work was done by

Messrs. Fisher White, H. Bunston, and K. Musgrove.

A Play from Ulster. Since all the portions of the United Kingdom (except, as yet, Wales) seem determined to have a drama of their very own, it is not surprising to find Ulster putting in a claim for independence. "The Drone," written by Mr. Rutherford Mayne, and produced for a series of matinées at the Royalty, quite justifies the claim, without being of very striking originality or revealing any new realm of unexplored humour. There is a very delightful study of a charming old wastrel, played beautifully by Mr. Whitford Kane; an excellent Ulster farmer, who for economy's sake, would marry a repellent female, but, on finding that her arrival means the departure of his brother and his daughter, prefers to pay damages; and a quaint and amusing character-sketch of a comic Scotsman, in which Mr. A. F. Thompson distinguishes himself. The author plays the farmer with a hearty geniality; and Miss Josephine Mayne is clever, but too much given to exaggeration, as his daughter; and there is an air of quiet, restrained humour about it all which is very effective.

The "Medea." The New Players' production of the "Medea" at the Kingsway Theatre deserves a word of praise, chiefly for the success with which the beautiful lyrics of the chorus (Professor Murray's translation) were rendered by Miss Evelyn Walsh Hall, and for the delivery of the Messenger's speech by Mr. Dyall. Miss Adeline Bourne had a difficult task as Medea, and threw herself into it with intense earnestness; the whole performance was eminently scholastic and worthy of praise.



THE GALSWORTHY FANTASY, "THE PIGEON," AT THE ROYALTY: THE RESTORATION OF MRS. MEGAN, WHO HAS ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

From left to right are seen Mr. Arthur B. Murray as a police constable, Mr. Wilfred Shine as Timsen (once a cabman), Miss Margaret Morris as Guinevere Megan (a flower-seller), Mr. Whitford Kane as Christopher Wellwyn (in artist), and Mr. Dennis Eadie as Ferrand (an alien).—[Photographs by Foulsham and Sanfield.]

one man. In each case there is an almost formal challenge by the poacher to the proprietor, and in both the husband is a scientific simpleton, though Mr. Sutro's simpleton is angel as well. However, the two plays are radically different. Mr. McKeown has a

THE GALLING, PERTURBING, OFFENDING TELEPHONE.



THE NEW SERVICE—AS SOME DECLARE THEY HAVE FOUND IT.

The transference of the telephone to the Post Office has not pleased some, at all events, of the subscribers, who declare that it is much more difficult to get a number than it was under the old system, and that far too often, when answering a ring, they find that a caller has been put on to their number in error. This the Post Office authorities strongly deny.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATMAN.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THE advent of the Prince of Wales has been an event of the last weeks. His arrival in London for the home-coming of the King was the occasion for making an impression, and a new one. If the King had landed out of a ship, the Prince had done something more important—he had landed out of the Navy, and appeared in town in civilian dress. The uniforms of the Navy make for youth. Lord Charles Beresford, like Lord Nelson, had a boyish look in cap and braid that

vanishes when they are put away in a locker; Admiral Togo out of his naval togs is older by ten years. And so with the Prince of Wales. In Bond Street he appeared as the man-about-town. If this phrase has an unpleasant flavour, let it be said that he had a Queen and grandmother for companion, and that, in his attentions to Queen Alexandra, he proved himself possessed of the fine feeling and manners of a Prince.

*From
Crown to
Heel.*

How soon does an environment justify a habit? The Academician—



TO MARRY MR. ALLAN CAMPBELL TOMORROW (15TH): LADY MOYA BROWNE. Lady Moya is the second daughter of the Earl of Altamont, eldest son of the Marquess of Sligo, and was born in 1892. Mr. Allan Campbell is in the Coldstream Guards.—[Photograph by Rita Martin.]

he is still alive, and has painted royal portraits—who has the gestures and accent of a Frenchman, and hesitates in his talk for the right English word—"the word you use here; ah! I remember!"—did not, it is said, at any time pay a very prolonged visit to France. Now an abundantly imaginative journalist discovers that King George walks up the nave of St. Paul's and down the carpeted corridors of Buckingham Palace with a sea-roll he did not possess before he left for India. All-weather promenading on the decks of the *Medina* has left, it is obvious, its effects on his Majesty's skin: he has again the complexion of a sailor. But as for the sea-legs, we doubt either that he has so speedily regained them or that he ever lost them. One thing he has never possessed—the artificial sea-legs of the landsman. They would be as strange to him as a French accent or the "sunburn" that can be bought by the tube.



MR. DAVID CECIL BINGHAM, WHOSE WEDDING TO LADY ROSABELLE ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE WAS FIXED FOR THE 12TH.

Mr. Bingham is in the Coldstream Guards. Lady Rosabelle St. Clair-Erskine is the only daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn, by his first marriage. She was born in 1891.

Photograph by Mayall.



LADY ROSABELLE ST. CLAIR-ERSKINE.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Removed in Custody. Mr. Pierpont Morgan's removals are not all from the grudging public galleries. Through

his private transposing of pictures and objects of art, an English soldier loses a point of vantage. Sir Robert Baden-Powell's strategical acumen has enabled him to rejoice in a house near Mr. Pierpont Morgan's, where the patrol, the extra wariness of



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. SIR CHARLES BLANE, R.N.: MISS AMY LEVERSON.

Miss Leverson is the elder daughter of Colonel G. F. Leverson, Chief Engineer, Western Command, and Mrs. Leverson, of Leeswood Hall, Mold, Flintshire. Sir Charles Blane is the fourth Baronet, and the eldest son of the late Captain Arthur Rodney Blane, R.N., and Mrs. Blane, of 44, Montpelier Street. He succeeded his uncle in the title last year.

*Photograph by Val
Estrange.*



WIFE OF THE COMMANDER OF THE FORCES IN IRELAND: LADY PAGET. Lady Paget, wife of Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Henry Paget, to whom she was married in 1878, was born in America, only daughter of the late Mr. Paran Stevens, and Mrs. Marietta Stevens. She has three sons and one daughter.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



WITH BREAD AND SALT PRESENTED AT MOSCOW AS PROOF OF FRIENDSHIP: THE HON. EDWARD CADOGAN.

Mr. Cadogan, who was one of the British politicians invited to Russia, to return the visit paid to England by members of the Russian Legislature in 1909, is the fourth son of Earl Cadogan, is a Balliol man and a Barrister, and was appointed Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons last year. In 1910 he unsuccessfully contested King's Lynn in the Conservative interest. He is thirty-two this year.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

policemen, the visits of an occasional private detective, all are benefits of which Sir Robert has partaken. His own collections are important enough to be well thought of among thieves, but hardly justify the luxury of a sentry. On the other hand, the withdrawal of Mr. Morgan's stalwarts from Prince's Gate may give an opportunity for vigilance to a class palpitating to do the General a good turn—his Boy Scouts.

*A Last
Look.*

Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who is in no hurry to steal away his treasures, was not unaware of the commotion that would be aroused by the word "removal"

or "withdrawal." As an observer, he knows that the Duke of Norfolk was not made very comfortable when he desired to take his Holbein from Trafalgar Square. So it happens that Mr. Morgan was on the Continent when his intentions were winded. It will happen, too, that he will be somewhat less often than was usual at Prince's Gate; for the time being, the occupier of No. 13 will not be entirely fortunate. The house will be besieged by applications for permission to view the treasures it contains before they cross the Atlantic. Mr. Pierpont Morgan's friends are innumerable, but he would rather meet them by chance at Cannes and Cairo than have them in a queue at his front door from breakfast till dinner, a throng of morning (and afternoon) callers as overwhelming as those satirised by Juvenal.



ENGAGED TO MR. JAMES HOPE NELSON: MISS SYBIL ST. JOHN MURPHY.

Miss St. John Murphy is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. St. John Murphy, of Tivoli House, Co. Cork. Mr. Nelson is the eldest son of Sir William Nelson, Bt., of Acton Park, Wrexham, and 16, Hill Street, the well-known shipowner who received his title at the beginning of the year.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

WHAT IS IT FATHER LIKES SO MUCH? THE MASTER COOK EXPLAINS.



LEARNING TO TICKLE PAPA'S PALATE: DAUGHTERS OF MEMBERS BEING TAUGHT SECRETS
OF THE CLUB CUISINE BY THE CHEF.

We need not tell the clubmen amongst our readers that cooking is a very important item of well-regulated club life, and that numerous social institutions of the kind possess chefs of more than usual excellence. To such a point of eminence has the master cook of one Paris club attained, that members, eager to have at home dishes which find favour with them at their club, asked special permission for their daughters to attend in the club's kitchen and learn the desired secrets from the chef.

DRAWN BY J. SIMONT.

KEYNOTES

OPERATIC RIGHTS AND ROYALTIES.

SWEET are the uses of advertisement. The little controversy between Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, on behalf of the London Opera House, and Mr. Neil Forsyth, on behalf of Covent Garden, should stimulate the interest taken in Grand Opera by the general public, which may well be excused if it does not know how questions of copyright and performing fees arise.

The law relating to musical copyright is exceedingly involved, and seems to have been made for the benefit of the legal profession rather than composers, but it may be taken that certain early Victorian operas are now out of copyright, and may be performed by anybody who likes to waste time, money, and talent that might be more profitably employed. Bellini and Donizetti, for example, cost nothing, and are worth no less.

In regard to modern works the case is different, and the circumstances under which copyrights are given and licenses are issued are peculiar. Let it be remembered, in the first place, that the performing rights of a work seldom belong to the composer. When a musician has written an opera he sells the copyright to a wealthy firm of publishers, who, if he be a young man, will probably buy it outright; and if he be a man of mark, will give him a lump sum and a royalty on each performance. The publisher issues orchestral, vocal, and pianoforte scores, enters into all arrangements with impresarios, often subscribes to the expense of a first performance, and must then keep a careful eye upon every opera-house from London to Lima, to see that no unauthorised performances are given. To this end the firm must have agents in every city that possesses an opera-house, and some of the great publishing-houses have gone so far as to acquire interests in certain opera-houses. Now, it is of the first importance to them to get a hearing for a new work in the leading centres of Grand Opera, and when they approach the directors of an opera-house, whose musical experts have sampled the work in the city of its first production, they are prepared on the composer's behalf to make certain terms and agree to certain restrictions.

Take the case of Giacomo Puccini, for example. The great house of Ricordi, with its headquarters in Milan and its branches in London, Paris, New York, and elsewhere, buys Puccini's work and conducts his business. Certain operas by Puccini are popular in London, and Messrs. Ricordi are able to secure very good terms for their performance at Covent Garden. But it stands to reason that the Grand Opera Syndicate is not going to spend thousands of pounds on production, and pay a fixed percentage on gross receipts by way of royalty, if any rival venture is to be at liberty to produce the same works in Grand season. It may be taken for granted, then, that a clause in any agreement between Messrs. Ricordi and the Grand Opera Syndicate would provide for the performing rights

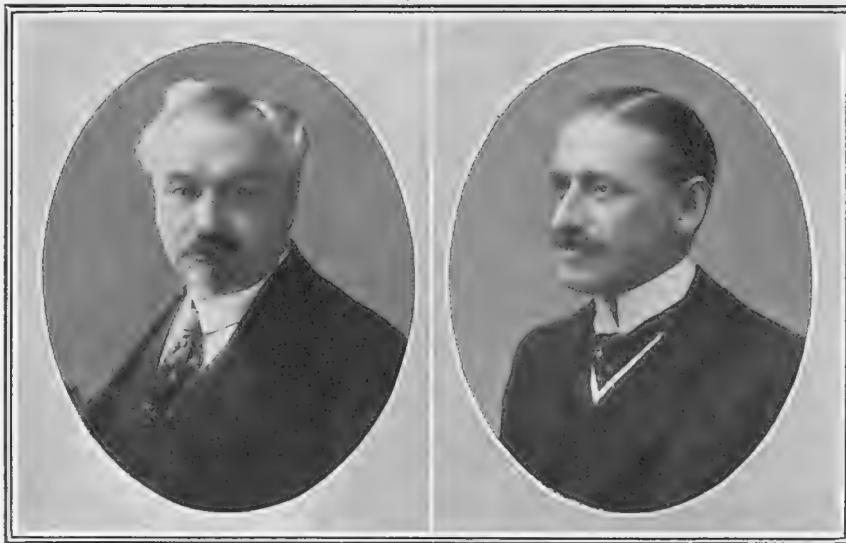
being exclusive, as far as London is concerned, between the third week in April and the last week in July. Let us remember that Mr. Oscar Hammerstein is not the only impresario who has endeavoured to upset the hegemony of Covent Garden. Until a recent date, Mr. Thomas Beecham was another Richmond in the field. The danger is an ever-present one, and Mr. Neil Forsyth is not the business manager of the Grand Opera Syndicate for nothing. Then, again, the late Sir Augustus Harris, who did so much for opera at Covent Garden, purchased from certain Continental publishers the whole performing rights for England of several operas, and until the copyright runs out in the course of time such works can only be performed by permission of the Syndicate which has bought the rights from the executors of the late impresario. It is at least unlikely that these rights will be granted to business competitors.

While Puccini can command very big fees—the precise figure is an official secret—other operas by living composers are small gold-mines. The Italian house of Sonzogno is second only to Ricordi's, and there are big Paris publishers who do a considerable business on behalf of men like MM. Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Charpentier, and Debussy, though none of these composers can vie with Puccini in the matter of returns, for his operas are sometimes given in one week by more than one hundred opera-houses, large and small, in Europe and America. It is by reason of the varying resources and patronage of the houses that the royalties are determined by a percentage on the gross receipts.

But the largest royalties in the world are not taken by Italians or Frenchmen; they fall to that great composer and wonderful business man, Dr. Richard Strauss. It becomes necessary to raise prices all round for the privilege of presenting "Salome," "Elektra," or "Der Rosenkavalier," and nobody has been bold or wealthy enough to buy the sole English performing rights of these masterpieces. The rights are not based upon anything as uncertain as percentage: they run boldly into three figures for each performance, and stay there. If the receipts won't pay for production and royalty, the impresario may console himself with the thought that he is working not for profit but for art—just as Mr. Hammerstein does.

There are many complaints against the royalties charged by publishers on behalf of composers, but it is only fair to remember that a publisher, whether of books or operas, has to look to his successful ventures to cover the other ones. There is no publisher who has not made mistakes, and some are under contract to take new operas by well-known men at a fixed price and to chance the issue. So it is not hard to understand why royalties are high and exclusive rights are granted, and why Mr. Hammerstein may find that the field of choice for a summer season is restricted.

COMMON CHORD.



THE RIVALS: MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, OF THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE; AND MR. NEIL FORSYTH, M.V.O., OF COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Hammerstein, Sole Director of the London Opera House, and Mr. Forsyth, General Manager of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden Theatre, have been blossoming into print as to their respective rights to present certain operas. Meantime, Mr. Hammerstein has reduced prices at his house, where the stalls are now 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., the grand circle 10s. 6d. and 6s., the amphitheatre circle 4s. and 2s. 6d., and the gallery 1s.—[Photographs by Dover Street Studios.]



NEITHER KILT WI' THE COLD NOR COLD WI' THE KILT: A HIGHLAND PIPER IN SWITZERLAND.

The piper whose photograph we give accompanies the Scottish contingent to the annual International Alpine Curling Bonspiel in Switzerland. It is evident that the neighbourhood of the snow-capped mountains finds him, to quote the popular Oxo advertisement, "neither kilt wi' the cold nor cold wi' the kilt!"—[Photograph by W. Muir.]

A HUMAN TOP: SPEEDY SPINNING ON THE ICE.



A WINTER REVOLUTION: THE TEETOTUM TURN IN THE MOST ACTIVE OF ITS FORMS.

"When Adam delved, and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" Our photographs, which are of German origin, illustrate another kind of spinning, of which our first mother was obviously incapable. She had neither the skates nor the skirts, nor do we read that there was ever ice in Paradise. The human top is certainly an attractive example of the gyroscopic principle. A gyroscope, says the dictionary, is "a contrivance for exhibiting the phenomena of bodies in a state of rotation." Phenomenal!

Photographs by C. Hünich.

NOT AS BLACK AS IT WAS PAINTED !



THE ART OF THE ENEMY: A TRAGEDY OF THE ICE.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS!



THE UNAPPRECIATED GRANDPARENT: Gives yer the fair 'ump! More chortlin' when that bloomin' kid nips a thimbleful o' milk than if you or me was ter get down a barrel o' beer!

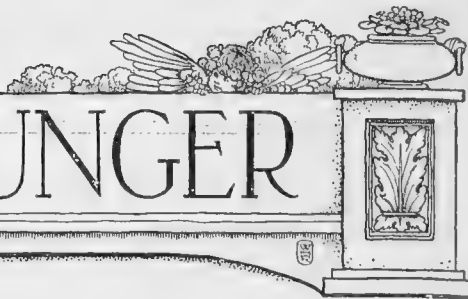


THE OLD STYLE: Oh, I'm a back number, am I? 'Cause I don't 'appen to cavort round a blessed jam-jar and yap about Art!

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.



THE LITERARY LOUNGER



TAILED MANKIND!

The Church Gives Englishmen Tails.

There are various legends, more grotesque than circumstantial, which tell of human beings with caudal appendages, to use a description favoured by those who dare not call a spade a spade too often. It has remained for Nigeria to show us actual women with tails—artificial, it is true, but still tails. That is not the least fascinating of the many subjects treated by Major Tremeearne. For lack of

space in which to deal with more, let us discuss that topic alone. Quoting Professor Tylor, our author points out that the old belief that there existed in the unexplored wilds of the world a race with tails was put to profitable use by priests, "who claimed that the men who had insulted St. Augustine and St. Thomas of Canterbury grew tails subsequently. Bishop Bale writes that 'for castynge of fyshe tayles at thys Augustyne, Dorsett Shyre menne had tayles ever after . . . but Polydorus applieth it unto Kentish men at Stroud by Rochester, for cuttinge of Thomas Becket's horse's tail.' In the first case, fishes' tails grew on the men; in the second, appendages like those of horses. . . . This story was spread by the Church throughout Europe so assiduously that, as Bishop Bale says further on, 'thus hath England in all other land a perpetuall infamy of tayles. . . . An Englyshman now cannot travayle in an other land, by way of merchandyse or any other honest occupyng, but it is most contumeliously thrown in his tethe that all Englyshmen have tayles.' So thoroughly did these "lyes" sink into the untutored mind that until some years ago, and not so very many, Devonians rejoiced to credit the story that Cornishmen were tailed. Then comes Mr. Boyle with supporting evidence: "King Richard Cœur de Lion is related to have been roused to the storming of Messina and the massacre that ensued by the taunts of the Greeks and Sicilians, who greeted him and his men with cries of 'Tailed Englishmen!' while a century later similar insults were made when the Earl of Salisbury withdrew

had tails, like the devil. "I suppose," says Major Tremeearne, "the fear and hatred of Satan accounts for our supplying him also with this appendage." Further, "In Brazil it is related of a certain tribe that a father, after his daughter's marriage, would cut a wooden stick with a flint, imagining by this symbolic ceremony that he was severing the tails of future grandchildren, and thus securing that they should be born tailless."

Tails as "Wedding-Rings."

Now for the tails which exist. These are "sporting," as has already been indicated, in Nigeria, and they are the equivalent of the wedding-ring of better-known places—signs of marriage. "The Kagoro, Attakka, Moroa, Katab, Kajji, and Jaba tribes are noted for their fondness for tails as well as for heads, the former being prized by the matrons, the latter being eagerly sought by the men." Girls wear the *iwzan*, a girdle of loose native strands of string. Instead of this, "married women wear a tail behind, which has various names according to whether it is decorated or not, but is, in its most primitive form, called *kunnok*; and this is, in shape, something like a mushroom, some being long and thin, others being short and stumpy. It is made of a palm-fibre, very tightly drawn together and bound with string, and, except in the southern Kagoro towns, there is a wider wheel-shaped end, plaited like basket-work, the whole being left quite plain, or coloured red with earth to match the wearer's body." The ornamentation of this varies with the district. A row or two of beads may be placed round the edge of the "wheel"; brass wire may be wound round its axle; its under-surface may exhibit coloured beads in more or less regular pattern; the pair of strings which bind it to the waist may be beaded. With this, a bunch of leaves is worn—that and nothing more. "A Kagoro custom . . . is that the women shall not wear clothes of any kind, and though I gave many of them brightly coloured handkerchiefs . . . they would never



THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT ILLUSION": MR. NORMAN ANGELL.

Mr. Angell, whose real name is Ralph Norman Angell Lane, whose book on the futility of war, "The Great Illusion," has aroused so much attention, is now lecturing on the same subject. He was born in December 1874, son of the late Thomas Angell Lane, J.P., of Mansion House, Holbeach. He passed his youth in the Western States of America, ranching and prospecting and then doing newspaper work. Returning to Europe in 1898, he was correspondent to various American papers. He has been General Manager of the Paris "Daily Mail" since its establishment in 1905.

Photograph by Barratt.

with his force from Damiatta, apparently to the great satisfaction of the 'noble Frenchmen,' who were not at all anxious to have any men with appendages and under the curse of the Church as allies. Even at Bannockburn the Scots are said to have sung songs about the tailed Englishmen."

Other Countries, Other Tails. In other countries, other sayings. Legends of the phenomenon hail from Abyssinia, the Amazon region, China, Paraguay, Borneo, Persia, the Soudan, and New Guinea. "The Yergum say of the Gazum people that they have tails about six inches long, for which they have to dig a hole when they sit down": this on the authority of the late Lieutenant Boyd Alexander. In Spain there was a mediæval superstition that Jews



AUTHOR OF "RUTHERFORD AND SON": MISS K. G. SOWERBY.

Miss Sowerby's play, produced at the Court Theatre the other day, made an immediate impression upon the critics. It deals with a North-country manufacturer's tyranny over his children and a rebellion consequent upon it. Miss Sowerby, who has thus suddenly sprung into fame, is a Northumbrian, and the daughter of John Sowerby, well known as an artist. She wrote the play for her own amusement, at odd times and in the intervals of other work. Indeed, it might never have been produced had not an actress friend of the author's happened to glance through its first two acts and find them good.—[Photo. by Macnaghten.]

wear them, the reason given when I asked for one being that 'the Kagoro did not do so.' In that way does Fashion rule, the world over!

Two Certainties. For the rest, let us repeat that in discussing tails as dealt with by Major Tremeearne, we are touching but one topic in his book, one aspect of his wide knowledge of native life, manners, habits, and customs in the Northern Nigerian "Pagan Belt" and other localities. In his Preface he says: "Having served in different parts of West Africa for the greater part of ten years, first as a Military then as a Police Officer, and subsequently in a Political

and Judicial capacity, I have possibly a wider view of West African things in general than many writers on the country." That is very evident. "I hope," he continues, "that the observations on customs and ideas will be useful to those commencing 'the study of man,' and that the notes on the head-hunting tribes, being quite new, will interest even those more advanced." They certainly will.



TAILS IN PLACE OF WEDDING-RINGS. KAGORO WOMEN OF TUKU TOZO, SHOWING THE ARTIFICIAL TAIL WORN AS A SIGN OF MATRIMONY.

Reproduced from Major Tremeearne's "The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service, and Co.

* "The Tailed Head-Hunters of Nigeria: An Account of an Official's Seven Years' Experiences in the Northern Nigerian Pagan Belt, and a Description of the Manners, Habits, and Customs of the Native Tribes." With Thirty-eight Illustrations and a Map. By Major A. J. N. Tremeearne. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

COMING, SIR, COMING !



THE INDIGNANT CUSTOMER (*who has ordered chicken-and-ham pie*) : Look here, waiter, what's the matter with this pie? There's no chicken in it!

THE WAITER : Well, Sir, you wouldn't expect to find a dog in a dog-biscuit, would you?



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

AH CHONG.

By H. GRAHAME RICHARDS.

"AH CHONG should never have gone to sea," said the mate, balancing his heels on the balcony railings and chewing at his cigar. "Because he had no moral or physical courage and no more backbone than a yard of rope-yarn, he should never have left the peaceful seclusion of the interior rice-plantation, where a man doesn't need to be a man. But the force of circumstances or fate, or what you will, sent Ah Chong down to the sea in ships, and that's how he became a hero."

"He had, I believe, been running a laundry at Port Arthur. The undertaking proved unsuccessful. How he subsisted for two months following the final crash is a matter for conjecture. It is certain, however, that, what time the *Southern Cross* steamed into Port Arthur with five of her dagos down with some mysterious malady, Ah Chong was starving. To such condition had he come that he was as pleased to sign on as fireman for the remaining nine months of the *Southern Cross's* trading in Eastern waters as Walsh, the 'old man,' who had no time to waste, was to get him. After that fashion did Ah Chong enter upon his first trip, which was also his last."

"I think he did not discover his inherent terror of the sea until it was too late to go back, even as we only realised the full extent of his cowardice when the much-suffering deck-boy was permitted to fling a thigh-boot at his head without proper correction. From that time forward Ah Chong's life was not pleasant. To all and sundry he cringed, so that he was inevitably kicked by all and sundry. Within a month he had become a mere shivering thing in the guise of a man, without the leaven of manliness. It was impossible not to detest him; he crawled so abjectly, so unnecessarily, that he left a bad taste in one's mouth. Perhaps his unreasoning terror of the sea had weakened his mind. I think it must have been so, in the light of after-events; for Ah Chong 'made good,' as you will see, and 'made good' in a fashion which gave those who had ever ill-used him cause to repent right through the years. I know I would give much to-day to be able to forget that I ever backhanded him into the scuppers; but that's just the way of things!"

The mate stared reflectively into the sun-baked Pekin streets below, and set his teeth hard in his cigar.

"We were out of Shanghai and for home, and were not sorry. Three years' coast-jumping in Eastern waters is sufficient to satiate the appetite of even a Mississippi roustabout. It was good to watch the heat-haze blotting out the land astern, and to think of home and the streets of London. But our rejoicing was premature, for seven hours after clearing port we ran into the worst typhoon I can remember. To describe a typhoon adequately is beyond human capabilities, because in a typhoon a human being doesn't know where he is until it's all over. The terrific, incredible fury of the wind and waves, which handle a ten-thousand-tonner as a boiling mill-stream handles a cork, numbs one's faculties, leaving nothing but a vague sense of wonderment. The very violence of the storm dispels fear. It seems like some primeval battle of the elements before the guiding hand reduced chaos to design—one is awed by the greatness of it. We fought through it mechanically, doing instinctively rather than by conscious effort what was necessary. When it was over, the *Southern Cross* had a shifted cargo which gave her a port list, had her bow plates badly sprung, and her deck swept as clean of hamper as the palm of my hand. I recollect distinctly seeing the long-boat's steel davits wrenched out of the steel deck and whirled away, boat and all, like a straw before a breeze. So we were towed back to Shanghai for repairs, and you may imagine the state of our feelings. Many of the passengers—we carried cargo and passengers—transferred, several remained, others arrived. Among the new

arrivals was Babs, the British Consul's daughter, who was going to her mother in England under an ayah's care. The part she played in Ah Chong's life is important.

"Now you know sufficient of the sea and of ships not to smile at the sailor's saying that disasters never come singly. This is no unfounded superstition. If a ship suffers one misfortune, two others will follow as inevitably as night succeeds day, unless, of course, she ends the business by at once going to the bottom. The wherefore of this is a mystery; exceptions to the rule are not easy to quote. We had been damaged by the typhoon. We therefore anticipated other occurrences, and were not disappointed. In swinging clear of the basin for the second time we smashed the bowsprit and carried away the foreshrouds of a Norwegian barque. The extent of the damage to ourselves being only scraped paint, we went straight ahead, and left the settlement of the question to the surveyors and Lloyd's. But none of us slept deeply enough to dream until we had cleared the typhoon zone, and then, making good time through fine weather, we felt prepared for the worst, and peace settled down on the ship."

"During these days Ah Chong quietly went his way, enduring much with revolting meekness. He was the ship's scapegoat. Like Kipling's baby elephant, who suffered from 'satiating curiosity,' and was accordingly spanked with the hard, hard foot of the ostrich; the hard, hard hand of the monkey; the hard, hard tail of the snake; and the hard, hard something of all the somethings in the animal creation, so everyone had a blow for the Chinaman, who was afraid to retaliate. Sanders, the chief engineer, was not a mild man in his calmest moments. Occasionally, when his malaria bouts were on him, he dosed himself with quinine and whisky and lived for a week in a berserker rage, punctuating his words with an iron spanner. It was during one of these intervals that he introduced Ah Chong to little Babs, who by this time had become the life of the ship."

"I was on the bridge one evening when Sanders appeared on deck, his face sallow with fever, his eyes glittering with the whisky he had imbibed. He was terribly ill, but quite sober. Ah Chong was furtively making for his watch below. All his movements were as furtive as those of a cruelly whipped mongrel. Sanders spoke to him sharply; the Chinaman didn't understand. The next second Sanders yelled and kicked at the same moment. Ah Chong went reeling to the taffrail and brought up on his hands and knees on the deck. Here, as was his usual irritating custom, he remained crouching, motionless; and here Babs, who had seen the incident, came to him."

"'Pore, pore man!' she said. 'Babs is so sorry!'"

"Ah Chong did not move."

"'He's a very wicked man to hit you. I hate him!' she declared, stamping her little foot."

"At that, Chong turned his impassive face up to her and stared at her a moment through almond-shaped eyes. Then he got to his feet and went forward without word spoken."

"In that one glance she must have seen the real soul of the man as clearly as he, in a flash, realised hers. For thenceforward Ah Chong's name was ever on her lips. She would wait for him when he came out of the stokehold and make him talk to her, all black and begrimed as he was. What happiness was his in those days she gave him. She became his guardian angel. Imperious little mistress of us all as she was, it woe-betided anyone who laid a finger on her protégé when she was about. Comparatively, his life became a dream of peace. If anyone ventured to strike him, it was down in the bowels of the ship or in the security of the fo'c's'le. And he was grateful in an undemonstrative way. When she was

[Continued overleaf.]

Sporting with Winter = Sports : Bateman Eccentricities.



I.—SCOTLAND'S AIN GAME : CURLING — “THE ROARERS.”

In view of the fact that winter sports are of comparatively brief duration and that the suburbs are always with us, we have discontinued Mr. Bateman's Suburbia series for a few weeks, in favour of the series here begun.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

merrily prattling to him one evening I saw what I have never seen before or since—a Chinaman's face unmasked! He touched her little white dress with his finger-tips, and looked at her with such adoration that it gave me to think. I wondered whether, after all, we had not to some degree misjudged Chong!

"So we passed Gib. into Biscay and a blizzard. It was winter in England, as we soon learnt. Deck-chairs vanished, awnings were stripped, hatches battened. The *Southern Cross* had made splendid time so far, and we desired to maintain it. All went well, the weather notwithstanding, until, with the Cape Ferret light to the starboard, night came down with a fog. To complicate matters still further, a heavy swell was running. In order to save time we were skirting the French coast pretty closely. Walsh brought her down to three-quarter speed, but would not veer a point from his set course. The danger arose from the fact that we were running north on the direct line followed by the Hamburg-Amerika packets coming south; we were, in fact, as a landsman would express it, on the wrong side of the road altogether, steaming at nine knots through darkness and a fog so dense that it was impossible to see a cable's-length ahead. It was not merely inviting, but actually seeking the disaster which befell soon after midnight. There loomed suddenly out of the dense blackness ahead a mist-dulled blaze of light, heralding a liner. Almost before a cry could be raised, while the siren was still shrieking its shrill warning, she smashed obliquely, but with terrific force, into our quarter, slithered along the side, and was gone into the night again. Guttural German oaths, blanketed by the fog, rang out, then absolute silence ensued. Within the minute the deck was pandemonium. It was hardly necessary to investigate the extent of the damage, for the *Southern Cross* was already settling by the head. The bosun piped to boats. The first boat went to flinders against the ship's side. A passenger, mad with fright, cast off the second before there were half-a-dozen people in it. The dagos who eluded Sanders cut one of the after-boats out of its slings and let it drop plump into the swell. Of course, it was swamped instantly. They got away in another before we, blinded by the fog and busy holding in check the desperate passengers, suspected what they were about. With all the boats gone, some forty shivering, sobbing, cursing, and praying men and women remained huddled together on deck, and the crew was still to be accounted for. There was but one chance left, and that was to run for the French coast three miles away and ground her, provided we could keep her afloat for so long. Walsh swung the ship around and made the attempt.

"Meanwhile, accompanied by the bosun, I had gone forward to close the water-tight bulkhead door. Unexpectedly, I stumbled over Ah Chong, who, with his head bowed on his hands, was kneeling on the deck invoking his deities and ancestors. He was a trembling, demoralised wreck of a man, frenzied with terror. The excess of his fear, however, made him serviceable. I sent him for a lantern, and he was back before we had torn the tarpaulin free of the hatch-coamings. We descended the ladder into eighteen inches of water. Barely four minutes had elapsed since the collision. Making water at that rate, there was some chance, at least with closed bulkheads, of getting aground on the French coast. I helped the bosun draw the steel door to, whilst Ah Chong, shivering so violently that he could barely stand upright, his teeth chattering like castanets, held the lantern high. The bosun ran his hand down the door, hesitated a second, then swore vividly. Explanation was unnecessary; I had seen and understood eye to eye with him.

"The Chinese 'boys' in the Shanghai dry dock had stolen the bulkhead bolts!

"In the Indies, the native wharf-labourers will steal your cocoamats under your very nose; in the Black Sea ports, the prevailing weakness is for tarpaulins; in Chinese waters, a ship's fittings are at a premium. If a Chinese dockman can't get anything else, he will cut down a yard of electric wire, wrench off a bath-room tap, or loot the pins out of the steam-winch. Other things having been in this case inaccessible, they had wrenched off the bulkhead-bolts. As a result, it was impossible to fasten the bulkhead-door. The surface of it was smooth as glass. It opened inwards, so that every time the ship dipped jerkily by the head its weight caused it to fall back; and before it could recover, the piled-up water, flowing back to its level as the ship righted itself, gripped and pinned it back against the bulkhead. There was no time for contrivance; seconds were precious, for the water was rising with increased rapidity as more and more of the fractured plates were brought down beneath the water-line.

"Our only hope was gone.

"'Curse those Chinamen!' groaned the bo'sun.

"'I'll report,' I said briefly, and made for the ladder. He followed me quickly. We forgot the very existence of Ah Chong.

"But Ah Chong came after us swiftly, like one nightmare-haunted. He had heard and understood. He was to die—there was no hope of escape. He was to go down and down into the cold, black, sucking waters, fighting for breath . . . the horror of the thought nauseated him. His terror was unnatural, but very real. He crawled up the iron ladder, perspiration dripping from his sallow face—panting, gibbering to himself. Half-way up, he looked back down upon the swirling black waters below, and the lantern fell from his nerveless fingers. To his unbalanced mind, there lurked in that restless, surging blackness all that's most horrible and fearsome in the nether regions. The water leaping up with the swaying of the ship seemed like inhuman hands snatching at him to drag him down. When he clambered over the coamings he sank half-fainting to the deck, softly moaning to himself. Suddenly a cold hand touched his face, and he was silent.

"Babs, with no more than a shawl pinned over her night-robe, with her little soft feet bare to the chill, wet iron deck, was whimpering.

"She said: 'Babs is frightened. Ayah is gone. I don't want to be drowned.'

"Ah Chong moved a little, then sat up and stared at her.

"She put her arm around his neck and nestled up to him, crying quietly.

"'I want my mamma,' she murmured. 'I'm 'fraid of the sea.'

"An inarticulate noise escaped Ah Chong. He stared over the child's shoulder into the fog. If the water-tight door were fastened from the inside . . .!

"'You love little Babs, don't you? You won't let the wicked sea have her? It's so cold.'

"A violent shudder ran through Chong. He did not speak. If the door were fastened from the inside, there might be time for the ship to ground, and Babs and the others would be saved. He could have shrieked aloud from fear of the insistent thought urging him. Instead, he suddenly put the child from him, clutched the hatch-coamings and got on to the ladder. He vanished from Babs' sight, then he reappeared. He couldn't do it!

"'Don't leave me, Ah Chong,' she pleaded desperately. He did not seem to hear. His eyes were fast closed, his face was livid, his moving lips purple.

"Down the ladder, rung by rung, he went again into the water below. It was up to his waist and biting cold. Step by step he waded through it blindly until he had passed the bulkhead. His shaking fingers groped for and found the edge of the door. At the touch of it mad panic came to him again. He hurried back towards the ladder. From above Babs' face peered down.

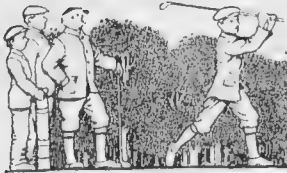
"'Ah Chong,' she wailed. 'I want you, Ah Chong.'

"At the sound of her voice he halted. Then he returned past the bulkhead again. With a superhuman effort he got the door closed and stood leaning against it, whilst the water, shut off now from the hold, rose rapidly higher and higher, until—"

The mate shivered despite the glowing heat, and cleared his throat.

"We went aground on the landspit which divides the Bay of Arcachon from the Atlantic. I remember our mystification when the water suddenly ceased rising in the hold, though the vessel was labouring heavily then. It was at first assumed that Ah Chong had gone overboard. We only discovered that the seventy-nine of us who were left on deck owed our lives to him when the fore-chambers were pumped out and his body discovered. Sometimes in the night the picture of it comes to me . . . standing there alone in the Stygian darkness, his back to the door which was the lid of his coffin, fighting his awful terror (which was perhaps an hereditary weakness or a subconscious perception of the future) of the black, bitter waters, as they sucked and splashed and gurgled, each second rising higher and higher, until they closed over his mouth and brought him forgetfulness. That's how the outcast, downtrodden Chong, scorned by all the world because of his cowardice, died a hero, and in twenty years going up and down the seas, I have never met another man of any colour who would face such a death, even to save his own soul!"

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Golf Near Zero. The horses of my readers having been stolen, I will now proceed to explain how the doors of the stables might have been locked and the losses thus averted. In other words, I will suggest some things that the indefatigable, earnest, and persistent golfer may, can, or should do when it freezes very hard and for days in succession, as it did lately; but as, I rejoice to add, it does no longer. One thing that it is well to know, in case there should be a recurrence of those very cold days—which chance is excuse for these observations—is how to keep warm and grip the club as well as it is possible to grip it. I will not repeat any of the old stock advice about knitted cuffs and fur wristlets, because the

over your ears in the most delightful manner, and do no end of good to your driving and pitching. People are always wanting hints on how to play as well in the frost as at other times, and so take advantage of the long drives they get in occasionally when the wind is at their backs. What questions! They have lately been recommended to try playing on frozen courses without nails in the soles of their ordinary leather boots or shoes, because it is then so difficult for them to maintain their stance, or would be if they swayed the least little bit, that the exercise in maintaining a steady body does them a world of good, especially when fairly full swings are being made with wooden clubs.

Channels on the Green.

A point of importance that occurs to me is the difficulty of holding the clubs properly when the grips are made

of leather, as the wax upon them becomes so hard and dry that it gives no grip whatever, but rather encourages slipping, and fresh applications of it have no effect. The other day I tried one of the greasy gripping stuffs on the palms of my hands, with the result that the creak that I took up immediately afterwards nearly shot out of my grasp. I conclude that there is nothing like American cloth or one of the grips of patent material for frosty days. Another great thought concerns the way of putting, which on frozen greens should preferably be done with a well-lofted club. It is on these frozen greens that the strokes are wasted, and they are wasted because the ball dances so much on little frozen pimples. Now the other day I was playing with a man who was getting down in his two putts all the time, and winning holes like anything. He did it morning and afternoon, and at the end of the day I asked him to explain. He said that if you examine frozen greens on which there



MOST BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED: THE CLUB-HOUSE OF MONTE CARLO'S NEW LINKS.

advantage, or rather necessity, of them is well understood by most all-the-year-round golfers in these times; but I would just say that the new idea that has been introduced of wearing a kind of semi-mitten covering on the back of the hand only, absolutely nothing being on the palm or the fingers, is quite a splendid one. It gives more comfort and helps to more efficiency than any other. The question of comfort arises again as one reflects upon the frozen noses, smarting cheeks, hurting ears, and aching temples and foreheads that were endured on the links a few days back, and the shots that were missed or badly done as the consequence. It does indeed require a glorious temperament to permit of one feeling happy and playing one's best when the quicksilver is nearly on the scratch mark and a blizzard comes bounding in to you from the east just as you try to play a short and most delicate pitch. Therefore, golfer, take all the comforts that you can for hands, face, feet, and the rest of the physical apparatus, but particularly the hands and head, which, though most important, are generally most neglected.

On Being Comfy. So I am led to the thought, or rather, the remembrance, that the other day, when it was so very, very cold, I saw some men on the driving-seats of motor-cars wearing a new sort of headgear, and in the hatters' shops at about the same time I noticed those caps advertised as an entirely new thing for motorists. Now this is simply an ingenious little way that the tradesmen have, the excuse—an ample one—for which is that, if they did not practise it, the motorists would have nothing to do with the idea. The fact is that these are no new things especially made for motorists; they are simply what are known in the high Alps in the winter-time as "St. Moritz caps," and I used them for tobogganing ten years ago. They are the nicest, fleeci-est things you could ever wish to think of in times of zero; and they pull all round your head and



JUST A LITTLE MORE ORNATE THAN IS USUAL! THE LOUNGE OF THE CLUB-HOUSE OF THE NEW MONTE CARLO GOLF LINKS AT MONT AGEL.

The links of the Société de Golf de Monte Carlo, at La Turbie, Mont Agel, were opened last year, and have a season beginning in December and ending in May. They are twenty minutes by train from Monte Carlo; and a further ten minutes by motor-bus. The club-house is most unusually ornate.—[Photographs by J. Euriotti.]

is a fair amount of traffic you may nearly always find a channel leading from your ball to somewhere near the hole, or, anyhow, a line that is less pimply and hazardous than other lines, even though it does not lead straight into the hole, but perhaps several inches to one side of it. In the latter event, what does it matter, he asked, if you are close up? You will find another channel and be down in your two putts just the same. I have been thinking much about that since. Those are undoubtedly the men who get on in the world. I wonder if any of them go out on the night when it first begins to freeze and shape their channels out on the putting-greens?

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

THE THINGS ONE CAN'T DO.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

A LOVE-LETTER is not a prospectus. It is meant to be read by one person only, and one person alone. The other afternoon, I had tea with a French publisher. It seems irrelevant, but it is not really—all roads, except the direct one, lead to a woman's anecdote. In fact, the postscript was invented by Eve one day when she had nothing worse to do. She had sent her companion in simple life on a wild-geese chase; just to see how far man's credulity could go. Of course, as you well know, there were no geese in Paradise—they were all swans. That day Eve wrote a postscript on the sand with her right toe; then, having read it, she wrinkled up her nose, and "How crude and direct!" she said; "Adam might have written that." Then she added a letter above the postscript. It was she also who originated the feminine custom of beating about the bush. There were plenty of bushes in the first Garden and few exciting games, so that the fun had to be got at by slow degrees and successive thrills. Even now, in our overfilled and hurried days, do we not wrap up toys, and not only children's toys, in suggestive brown paper and 'cute strings, difficult to open? And woe to the children who cut their strings! Their pleasures will always lack subtlety and refinement, and their lovers, when they are twenty, will discover that they lack the complicated art of kissing. In truth, people who cut strings open and wrench envelopes with a brutal finger always kiss abruptly and unsatisfyingly. My husband told me so.

Now that I have said what I liked, let us go back to tea with the publisher. "I have," he said, "an appointment at 4.45." What he meant was at a quarter to five, but business people always think in minutes—that's why, whenever I call at some friends at a City office, I never stay more than a few hours chatting to them, for fear they might, perhaps, have some work to do.

"Either," said my countryman, "we both bolt our muffins and rush away—I put you in a taxi and jump in another—or else I miss my appointment comfortably and listen to your way of talking business; or, again, I scald my throat with one cup of tea and leave you to finish yours alone; but, of course, I *cannot* do *zat*."

"Why *can't* you do that? We are not in a cavern of brigands

Up went his hands. "Oh, *chère Madame*, but you *cannot* do *zat*. If you wish to walk, I'll walk with you. I *cannot* let you go back alone. What would your husband say?"

"Very little," I sighed. "But what about your appointment—is it important?"

"All that there is of the most important. It's about the publication of the love-letters of defunct Madame Trois Etoiles and the Archduke Albin Joachim."

"Then"—I laid down the teapot emphatically—"we are both going to finish our tea at leisure, for you surely will not publish the love-letters of those poor corpses. I *could* stay here alone, and I *could* walk down Piccadilly unaccompanied, and my self-respect would survive. But you *cannot* make money out of the dead love-letters of the celebrated departed. Have the last sandwich?"

I am very pleased with myself. I did not bully my compatriot, I did not terrorise him, order him, coax him. I just made him realise the atrocity he had been about to commit.

"You *could* not," I said to him, "break open a tomb or snatch at rings from skeleton fingers. You *could not* rob a dead throat, that once had throbbed under now dead lips, of its rope of pearls. You *could not* listen at a keyhole. You *could not* become an anthropophage, even if you were starving on a raft alone with the body of the boatswain, as happens in schoolboys' books."

My friend the French publisher shook his flowing black beard and confessed that he *could not*. In fact, at the mention of the boatswain's body, he looked pathetically at his ham-sandwich, and put it down hastily and untouched on his plate.

"Well," I concluded, adding three more lumps of sugar in his cup to palliate the acerbity of my lecture, "if you did any of these things there might be justification for it. Those poor wretches who rob tombs must indeed want the dead's treasures ever so much more than the dead do; and it is not at all so wicked to rob clay without wants as the unfortunate living being with a thousand necessities of his own creating. Then, again, if you did listen at a keyhole, it might be to something concerning you; and you might have the saving grace not to repeat the information you stooped to get. Also, anyone who has to eat a dead boatswain is more to be pitied than—what is the matter? Do you still feel the effects of the Channel crossing? As I was saying, all those sins are venial sins, but the publication of love-letters is a venal crime. You would be selling 'sacrilege' at 3 francs 50 the *exemplaire*. Pause, pray, and print not, *cher Monsieur*."

The waiter brought some toast like slices of golden felicity, the room was warm, and the band played the Eternal Waltz.

The man with the black beard rubbed his hands and shrugged his shoulders; "*Au diable* my appointment!" he said.



CELEBRATING THEIR SILVER WEDDING ON SATURDAY (17TH): LORD AND LADY DESBOROUGH.

William Henry Grenfell, first Baron of a creation dating from 1905, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles William Grenfell, M.P., of Taplow Court, Bucks, and was born in October 1855. For some time he was Parliamentary Groom-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. He was M.P. (L.) for Salisbury from April 1880 to November 1892, and from November 1895 to June 1896; for Hereford from 1892 to August 1893; and, in the Conservative interest, for the Wycombe Division of Bucks from October 1900 to December 1905. In 1890 he contested Windsor without success. Lady Desborough was Miss Ethel Anna Priscilla Fane, a Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary, a daughter of the late Hon. Julian H. C. Fane.—[Photograph by Topical.]



THE GOVERNOR OF MALTA AND HIS WIFE: GENERAL SIR LESLIE RUNDLE AND LADY RUNDLE.

Sir Leslie Rundle has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Malta since 1909. He saw active service in the Zulu War of 1879, the Boer War of 1881, the Egyptian War of 1882, with the Nile Expedition of 1884 and '85, the Soudan Frontier Field Force between 1885 and '87, the Dongola Expeditionary Force in 1896, the Khartoum Expedition in 1898, and as Lieutenant-General on the Staff in Command of the 8th Division South African Field Force, 1900-1902. He was born in January 1856, the second son of the late Captain J. S. Rundle, R.N. In 1887, he married Miss Eleanor Georgina Campbell, daughter of the late Captain H. J. M. Campbell, R.A.

Photograph by Ernest Brooks.

here, and I like to watch the people. Besides, I have a cold in the head, and, consequently, am very unattractive and safe. Go you in peace to your appointment, and, when I am finished, I'll walk home quietly down Piccadilly towards Hyde Park Corner."

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

British Aeroplane Industry Betrayed. After the French Government had so admirably tackled the question of military aviation, and given a tremendous fillip to the French aeroplane industry, it was thought that our own War Office and the British industry might have profited by the Gallic example. Now it transpires that the authorities have built an aeroplane works at Farnborough to make their own machines. This is a crushing blow to all our manufacturers, who cannot hope to build up a remunerative business on the sporting demand alone, at least for some years to come, and so up to the present the Government's best production cannot vie with Mr. Cody's slow-moving leviathan.



THE TARGET WHICH USUALLY TAKES THE FORM OF MAN OR WOMAN: THE BOARD USED FOR TESTING THE AMOUNT OF MUD THROWN UP BY VEHICLES FITTED WITH MUD-GUARDS.

The photograph shows a member of the jury noting splashes during a recent test of various mud-guards for vehicles at Versailles.—[Photograph by Branger.]

When the French makers realise that the impending English trials will serve merely to give the Government makers pointers, and will not result in orders for any number of machines, it is possible that their entries may be found wanting when the lists close. Certainly the British makers would do well to abstain.

Self-Starters a Desideratum. Hitherto our American cousin has not led in originality in automobile design, at least since he has

up. The petrol-consumption worked out at 22.65 miles per gallon—equal to 30.76 ton miles per gallon—the car weighing, all on, 1 ton 7 cwt. 28 lb. During the track test at Brooklands, the top speed over one whole lap (2½ miles) was 65.84 miles per hour, the average for five laps being maintained at 65 miles per hour. This is the second time that a Sunbeam car has gained this coveted distinction.

Under the White Cross. A motorist without previous knowledge would

vogue in this country for some years past. A simple, fairly cheap, and certain form of self-starter is surely not beyond the bounds of British ingenuity.

The Gold Medal Twice. No more deserving award has ever been made by the Royal Automobile Club than the allocation of the gold medal for the most meritorious performance of the year (1911) to the Sunbeam Motor Company for the performance of their 15.9 (R.A.C. rating) Sunbeam in the October Trial. This car was entered by that expert driver-designer Mr. L. Coatalen, and throughout the road test, during which rain fell at intervals, there was not one involuntary stop, and the 106 miles were covered for 104 with the hood



DESIGNED TO PREVENT THE THROWING UP OF MUD BY MOTOR-CARS AND OTHER VEHICLES: THE NEUMETZER AND BRANDON DEVICE.

Photograph by Branger.

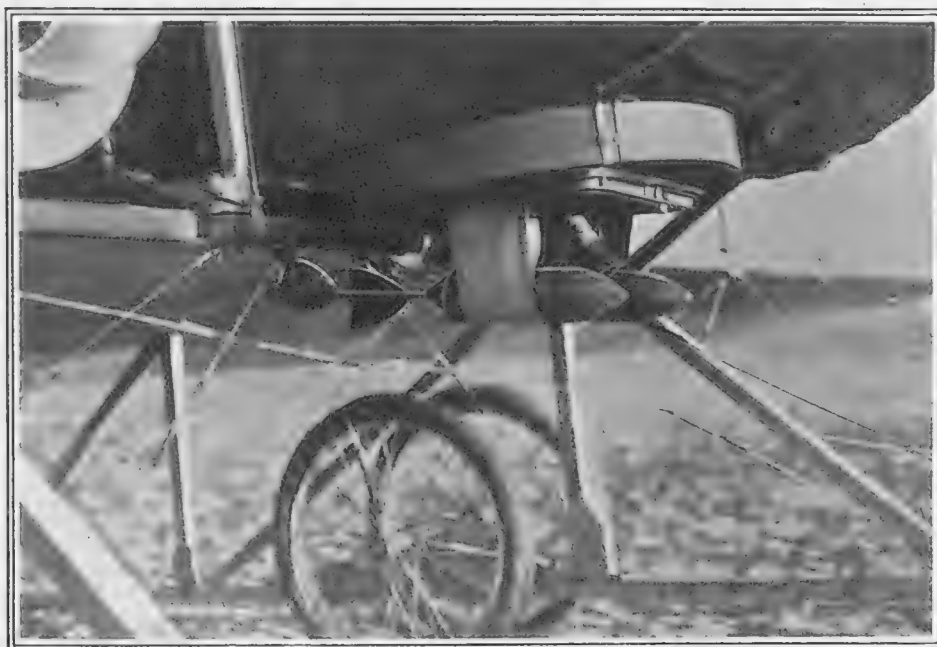
ceased to turn out cars propelled by single-cylinder engines of large bore and stroke, but now (vide a criticism of coming American cars which reached me lately), it would appear that many American manufacturers are turning their attention to self-starters. A really good, never-failing self-starter is a mechanical luxury which every motorist, particularly the owner-driver, would appreciate, but at the moment, and speaking from memory, there are only three cars on the English market which are so provided. One is the Adams, a car built at Bedford; the other is the S.C.A.T., a Continental production fathered in England by Messrs. Newton and Bennett of Manchester, and the third, the Cadillac, a well-known American car which has enjoyed a considerable



DESIGNED TO PREVENT THE THROWING UP OF MUD BY MOTOR-CARS AND OTHER SPEEDY VEHICLES: THE JULIEN PINCON DEVICE.

Photograph by Branger.

have some difficulty in imagining how and why he and his car might be affected by the Geneva Convention Act, 1911; but the large number of car-owners who, up to the moment, are protected under the excellent and liberal Red Cross Motor-Car Insurance Policies will find that in a very minor degree they have come within the scope of this Act. The measure prohibits the use of a "red cross on a white ground" as a trade-mark, and also the use of the words "Red Cross." This being so, the Red Cross Indemnity Association, who issue the above-named policies, have perforce changed their distinctive title to "White Cross," under which the policies will, I am sure, be just as popular and as liberally interpreted as in the past.



AERIAL—AND CERTAIN—BOMBS WITH ARROW-HEADS FOR THE USE OF MILITANT AIRMEN: THE NEW ASTRA-WRIGHT AEROPLANE, WITH THE DEADLY MISSILES IN THEIR SLINGS.

In November of last year "The Illustrated London News" gave a drawing to show how bombs with arrow-heads may be scientifically dropped from aeroplanes with certainty of hitting the mark. This photograph deals with the same subject. The difficulty of dropping a bomb on to a target when flying at high speed is obvious, and it is equally obvious that various attempts have been made to ensure the hitting of the target. One of these, the invention of Mr. Riley E. Scott, formerly a Lieutenant in the United States Army, is here illustrated. Aerial bombs, with guides suggesting arrow-heads, are carried in canvas slings. A special telescopic device is used by the observer on the flying-machine. When the line of the telescope intersects the target, the projectile is released, describing a parabolic curve due to gravity and the speed of the aeroplane and falling upon the desired object. It is necessary, of course, to know the velocity of the aeroplane with respect to the ground, and this is readily determined by the instrument.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



By CAPTAIN COE.

The King.

The news that his Majesty has signified his intention of attending the forthcoming National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham is very welcome, indicating as it does that the King's interest in racing is not confined solely to that run under Jockey Club Rules. There was a hint that this was so when, in March 1910, his Majesty (then Prince of Wales) went to Liverpool to see Jenkinson win the Grand National. I cannot recall, however, that a reigning monarch ever saw the race for the

National Hunt Steeplechase run, so that the distinction that falls on Cheltenham next month will be a very rare one indeed. This particular gathering is generally referred to as a "movable feast," but it has only "moved" in two places since and including 1902, the Warwick course having been selected on seven occasions, and Cheltenham on the others. Since Cheltenham was chosen, things have progressed very quickly, and when we gather there on March 13 and 14 we shall find quite an up-to-date enclosure, with a station practically on the course, constructed by the ever-enterprising Great Western Railway Co., who also intend running some cheap fast trains from town. The National Hunt Meeting is always greatly favoured by Society—it is in the centre of a wide hunting district—and this year there is sure to be a great attendance to see King George. Perhaps

of the best-backed horses in the race, and that they occupied first and third positions (the second being an absolute outsider), it may be said of last year's London quotations on the Lincolnshire Handicap that they furnished a very good guide indeed. Those on the Grand National were not quite so reliable; but even so, Rathnally (second), Glenside (first), and Lutteur III. (favourite) figured prominently on various days. And even the critics surely will not contend that the breakdown of Jerry M., one of the earlier favourites, could have been foreseen!

Jockeys. It has become the fashion during the last few years for some of our leading flat-race jockeys to spend a great deal of their time during the recess in the invigorating air of St. Moritz and Davos, where, by practising such sports as bob-sleighing, skating, and skiing, they not only contrive to amuse themselves, but, what is more to the point, keep themselves physically fit and hard, so that on their return in March they are in the pink of condition. I fancy "Skeets"

Martin and Maher were the first to set this ball rolling, and Will Griggs has, during the last two or three winters, joined them, and has become very keen on it. Lyne, who used to ride here, but now confines his attention to Belgium and Continental race-tracks, is another who benefits in this way. F. Wootton chose a warmer atmosphere—that is, that of India (where he has been winning races), with the laudable object of trying to keep down his weight, but from what I can hear, he will not be able to do much less than 8 st. 10 lb. when he comes back. He has one great incentive to keep at or below 9 st., and that is the fact that he is to ride Lomond in the Derby. Should he win, it would be the great crowning achievement of a wonderful career.

MONDAY TIPS.

By CAPTAIN COE.

Warwick, to-day: Chandler Steeplechase, Kilkeel; County Hurdle, Shackleton; Stewards' Steeplechase, Forkhill; Budbrooke Hurdle, Delnadamph. To-morrow: Watgall Hurdle, Bob Dancer; Barford Steeplechase, Bembridge; Corinthian Hurdle, Nemo; Leamington Steeplechase, Johnstown Lad. Hurst Park, Friday:

Thames Steeplechase, King of the Scarlets; Mole Hurdle, Gallivant; Champion Steeplechase, Master at Arms; Maiden Hurdle, Gildandra. Saturday: Park Steeplechase, Farouche; Novices' Hurdle, Scotney; Grange Steeplechase, Lord Rivers; February Hurdle, Jacobus. Haydock Park, Friday: February Hurdle, Climax; Flixton Steeplechase, Moonstruck. Saturday; Great Central Steeplechase, Moonstruck or Bembridge; Earlstown Hurdle, Connie Ediss.



CAPTAIN OF THE STEEPLECHASE RIDERS: VISCOUNT TORRINGTON. Lord Torrington succeeded his father in 1889, and in 1910 married Miss Eleanor Souray. Photograph by L.N.A.



A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE CHESHIRE HUNT: MISS CORBETT, OF ADDERLEY, SALOP. Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



CAPTAIN OF THE FLAT-RACE RIDERS: HERBERT JONES. Herbert Jones is naturally proud of the fact that he can call himself the King's jockey. Photograph by L.N.A.

one of these days our gracious Monarch will own a few jumpers. It would do the sport no end of good were he to do so.

London Betting.

There is a certain section of critics who are apt to scoff contemptuously when one refers to London betting. If they do not say there is no such thing, they hint that it is largely a figment of the imagination, and that as a guide it is worse than useless. No doubt, nowadays, the volume of ante-post betting is far smaller than in some past days, but, just to satisfy myself on the point as to whether it is so useless a guide as some people make out, I spent some time in going through the recorded betting (quotations, if you prefer that word) in London previous to last year's Lincolnshire Handicap. The result of the search was illuminating, for it showed that the winner of the race, Mercutio, was introduced on Feb. 11 at 25 to 1, and from that day onwards steadily decreased in price. In two days he was down to 20 to 1; then for four days he was at 100 to 6; on twelve of the next twenty-two days he figured at 100 to 7; and following one more day at 100 to 6 he went to 8 to 1, 10 to 1, 100 to 11, and 100 to 12. On March 7 Spanish Prince (who finished third in the race) was introduced at 9 to 1, and consistently shortened, until on March 20 he was at 100 to 15. Considering that this pair were two



STEEPLECHASE RIDERS VERSUS FLAT-RACE RIDERS AT FOOTBALL: THE TEAMS.

A football match, not played altogether in the orthodox manner, took place at Fulham the other day between a team of steeplechase riders and a team of flat-race riders. The latter won by five goals to nil. The game was for charity, to benefit a fund raised to aid disabled and necessitous jockeys.—(Photograph by Sport and General.)



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Rolling up the
Curtain.

Everything is ready for the Social and Political drama to begin. The audience is chattering and all agog; the lights are up, the orchestra is performing a fantasia to which no one listens; while behind the scenes the actors and supers are frantically rushing, acting-managers are issuing the last orders that should effect a complete success. The pre-Lenten Season in London has an importance, as well as a charm, of its own. For hostesses it is all-important. Enterprising ladies may send out cards in February to Personages whom they would hardly venture to invite in June. Moreover, it is more than likely that the Personages may turn up, thus assuring the triumph of the audacious hostess. Then there is always a bevy of beautiful young girls ready to take their parts in the Society Comedy, and no man can say which one will take the rôle of Leading Lady and which will remain in the obscurity of the chorus. Moreover, people fresh from their winter holidays have a fund of good spirits and good looks, which disappear in the heat and turmoil of the summer season. In the Lenten weeks, even our Gilded Youth answer invitations, thus making for the peace of mind of intending hostesses, who, later on, owing to this particular form of carelessness, will be ignorant whether they have a sufficient supply of young men for their dinners and lunches. The very fact that this is the beginning of a new year fraught with all sorts of exciting possibilities makes for an electric state of the social atmosphere. Of one thing we are certain, and that is that we shall not be dull.

What To Do With
Those Daughters.

There has been a pronounced disposition, of late years, to welcome the girl-baby in domestic circles in these islands—for the happy parents to pretend, elaborately, that they would liefer have her than a boy. She is given a magnificently simple name, such as "Elizabeth" or "Ann," and becomes at once, and for the first few years of her life, a very prominent personage in the household. But, unfortunately, the enthusiasm which welcomed her birth does not last. When Elizabeth arrives at a marriageable age her parents discover with dismay that there are thousands of other Elizabeths, equally pretty, equally useless, and equally dowerless, all anxious to "warm both hands before the fire of Life." And while the boys are making their way in India, Canada, Australasia, and South Africa, to say nothing of Egypt and our Crown Colonies, their sisters are all kept at home, passing their lives playing hockey and golf, and practising economies over their dress. Now, the obvious remedy for this parlous state of things is that the girls must emigrate as well as the boys, and I was glad to see Mrs. Norman Grosvenor's admirable article in the *Daily Mail* on this burning topic. Some years ago I wrote advocating that every son sent out from an English home to one of our Dominions should take a sister with him, who would be started in life by her parents in the same way as her brother. I believe this to be the only

solution of the problem. It is natural that a young girl, carefully guarded and sheltered, shrinks from setting out, alone, to cross thousands of miles of ocean and to buffet for herself when she arrives. Yet going out with a brother would be looked on as a pleasant adventure, and, moreover, you have in this way the nucleus of a settlement of educated English people.

Germany No Place
for Britons.

After the much-discussed sentence passed on Mr. Bertrand Stewart, Germany is obviously no place for English travellers. Having been placed under arrest myself at Ragusa, on the Dalmatian coast, by an over-zealous Austrian sentry who objected to my looking at the view from the ramparts of the citadel, I can testify how quickly these Teutonic military are infected with spy-mania. Yet this exciting event happened some twelve years ago. Since then, I have more than once solaced the tedious hours of travel with conversations on war with stout, elderly German Generals, what time the train wended its smoky way between Dresden and Magdeburg. A talk like this would certainly land one in an ugly corner in 1912. The only course for English folk to take—if they can give up Munich beer and Munich opera—is to keep clear of Germany altogether.

The New Convert
to Feminism.

In this month's *English Review* Mr. Austin Harrison, whom I have long suspected of sitting smiling on the fence—has jumped boldly over into the Feminist field and proclaims the unassailable right for woman to have the suffrage, if she can get it. Let us welcome him to the band of brilliant young men, politicians and writers, who are on the logical, as against the sentimental side. In his amusing editorial article, "The New Sesame and Lilies," Mr. Austin Harrison admits that the naïve, mid-Victorian attitude about women has gone for ever. He knows his Berlin and his Petersburg as well as London, and in those centres of the higher education and modern thought, the simpering Young Thing with roses in her sash has no place or part. Everywhere you find alert, cultivated, broad-minded young persons who will discuss

Eugenics or Economics, Wedekind or Shaw with an unruffled brow. Far longer than on the Continent, we have clung to the ideal of the domesticated woman, and have made the sanctity of the home the bar to all progress. "It is obviously," says Mr. Harrison, "the wisest thing for men to realise that Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies' stands in much the same ratio to the modern woman as Donizetti to Strauss." Moreover, the editor of the *English Review* is clear-sighted enough to see that the Franchise Agitation is only part of a great movement among women going on in every part of the civilised world. For wherever there is a drawing-room, be sure there is an agitation going on. What woman really wishes and intends to have, it is quite certain she will get. The perspicacious among the men-folk have suddenly realised this profound truth, and are hastening to be found, smiling and approving, on the winning side.



FROM THE MECCA OF FASHION: PARISIAN MODES OF THE MOMENT.

The left-hand gown is made in silver tissue, with incrustations of string-coloured guipure and black Chantilly lace. The bodice is draped in violet mousseline-de-soie, held in over the shoulders with incrustations of black Chantilly. The train is in mousseline-de-soie to match the bodice. The next costume is a draped gown, made of pale-rose mousseline, over a sheath of old-gold satin. The hem is of skunk. The third figure from the left has a sheath dress in black velvet, edged at the hem with jet, and having a tulle train. On the right is a gown of sapphire-coloured mousseline, having sleeves of gold guipure, and a draped mantle, made of the same mousseline in a lavender-blue shade, which scintillates with small paste beads.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 27.

THE MARKETS.

THE reduction of the Bank Rate last week from 4 per cent. to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. had been generally anticipated, but was none the less welcome; and it is thought that the Indian demand for gold is now pretty well satisfied. Money, however, has been none too plentiful, and discount rates are very little easier.

Consols showed persistent strength all the early part of last week, chiefly on buying by the Government broker, and they close $\frac{1}{2}$ higher, at $78\frac{3}{8}$; at one time they were better than this, but they weakened slightly on Friday in view of the pending West Australian issue.

Home Rails have not shown to advantage: the Great Western dividend and the large increase of working expenditure revealed in the report are distinctly disappointing. This, and the serious outlook in the coal trade, have together been sufficient to stifle any business on the part of either dealers or the public.

The flatness of Americans influenced Canadian issues, and the excellent traffic returns failed to stimulate prices; but the announcement of the dividend on Grand Trunk Third Prefs at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. against $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. last year was well received, and the stock in question shows a rise of about $\frac{2}{3}$ on the week.

Foreign Rails have been irregular, but gains predominate; Argentines have been good throughout, and Mexicans have recovered from the low prices touched owing to political troubles.

Other markets show few features of interest; Kaffirs and Rhodesians firmed up for a while, but have since given way again on the approach of the Settlement; but a moderate amount of interest continues to be taken in the Tin group. Rubbers have given up all pretence to activity; and apart from Shells, which are up to 87s. 3d., the Oil Market has been in a similar condition.

There has been much less business among Industrials, and most of the "popular tips" have given way on profit-taking sales.

DUFF DEVELOPMENTS.

The shares of this Company have been prominently before the public of late on rumours that the Government were negotiating for the purchase of the fiscal rights in Kelantan, which has come under British protection since the Company's inception. Colonel Ivor Philipps is in the East at present, and it is now stated that he has completed an agreement at terms most satisfactory to the shareholders.

Apart from these negotiations, which should provide a substantial bonus, considerable improvement has been made of late in the general business of the Company, and the deficit of £2500 shown in 1910 has, we believe, now been more than recovered.

Trading and mineral rights are owned over 2500 square miles in Kelantan, and 1400 acres are under rubber cultivation, on some 315 acres of which the trees are three years old and over. The saw-milling department has also been making good progress.

The shares have risen rapidly from the neighbourhood of 12s., and a week ago they stood at 19s. A decline to 17s., however, has since taken place on rumours of some hitch in the negotiations, but we think the trouble is only temporary. The 6 per cent. Debentures, which now stand just below par, appear more attractive than the Ordinary shares, as their security is improving each year and they are repayable in 1935. Meanwhile, holders have the option of exchanging at any time into shares at 25s.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The announcement by President Taft that the first vessels will be able to pass through the Panama Canal at least a year sooner than the official date previously set for the opening—namely, Jan. 1, 1915—has drawn attention to the possible effects on financial interests in that part of the world. The recent activity in the shares of the West India and Panama Telegraph Company is a noticeable example, and a correspondent has written to ask us whether we can suggest any securities likely to be favourably affected.

Panama lies in the midst of several South American States—Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Columbia, etc.—whose credit, up to the present, has not been above suspicion, and as the United States Government is going to exercise control over the canal, it seems more than probable that their influence will extend to all or most of these States, and such influence will, of course, be all for the good of their credit. It must be some years before the full benefit is experienced, but for those who can afford to lock them away, the improving security should eventually raise capital values of the issues of these various States.

A glance at the map will make obvious the increased communication facilities that will be afforded to those States with a seaboard on the west coast of Central America. The railways and commercial enterprise in Ecuador, Columbia, and Peru should all reap the benefit of improved trade conditions. The West Indies also should receive a welcome fillip, especially Cuba, owing to the increased shipping from Europe; probably Cuban ports and such-like securities will all benefit in the same way. In the absence of special information it is difficult to specify definite issues; but the above should serve as a guide, and those who are interested can make their own selection.

SAGGA RUBBER COMPANY.

I referred some weeks ago to the shares of this Company as being among the best investments in the Rubber Share Market. It may interest your readers if I give some particulars of the property, so that they may form their own opinion of value.

The Company's property consists of 1847 acres in the Negri Sembilan State of the Federated Malay States, of which 1507 acres have been planted to date, as follows—

1904-5 ..	196 acres, from which crop obtained last year, 65,902 lb.
1905-6 ..	300 " " " " " " 72,312 lb.
1906-7 ..	400 " " " " " " Lightly tapped
1909-10 ..	300 " " " " " "
1910-11 ..	311 " " " " " "

It will be seen that the planted area falls into two divisions, 896 acres being planted with trees, the youngest of which are now five years old, and 611 acres of young rubber from one to three years old. The crop obtained in the last financial year, ended July 1911, was 138,254 lb. of dry rubber; the official estimate for the year ending July next is 221,000 lb., of which 84,400 lb. have been collected to date, so that a large expansion is expected in the next six months. The capital of the Company is £25,000, of which, however, only £22,050 in £1 shares has been issued, and the capital cost of the acreage so far planted is only £14 per acre, constituting, I believe, a record in low capitalisation. The cost of opening up the young rubber has been provided for by the issue of 1000 shares in December 1910, at £10 5s. per share, and of a further 1050 shares in October last, at £8 per share. The enormous advantage to the shareholders of being able to finance extensions at this low cost is obvious.

Last year's rubber crop was sold at an average price of 4s. 8d. per lb., and the profit was £19,700, out of which dividends of 75 per cent. were paid. The chairman estimated the dividend for the current year at 100 per cent., provided the rubber were sold at a profit of 2s. per lb. Assuming an average sale-price of 5s., however, the dividend should be at least 150 per cent., a return of 15 per cent. on the present quotation of £10.

I have ventured to draw up a moderate estimate of the profits for the next five years, allowing for a drop in the price of rubber from 4s. 6d. to 2s. per lb., and assuming that cost of collection falls from 1s. 6d. to 1s. per lb. A fall to 2s. per lb. in the next five years, is, of course, very improbable; but, even in this event, Sagga shares should prove a sound investment—

Year ending July 1912	Estimated crop in lb.	Price of rubber per lb.	Cost per lb.	Profit.
1912 ..	220,000	4s. 6d.	1s. 6d.	£33,000
" " " 1913 ..	280,000	4s. 0d.	1s. 6d.	£35,000
" " " 1914 ..	360,000	3s. 3d.	1s. 3d.	£35,000
" " " 1915 ..	480,000	2s. 6d.	1s. 3d.	£30,000
" " " 1916 ..	600,000	2s. 0d.	1s. 0d.	£30,000

Total estimated profit in five years £163,000 or £7 10s. in dividends.

In these figures no return from the young rubber is estimated for before 1915. Taking this very pessimistic view of the probable future of rubber prices, it will be seen that a purchaser at £10 will be able to write down the cost of his shares £5 in five years' time, receiving 5 per cent. interest in the meanwhile. The Company is above the average in respect both of its soil and of its management, the two most important items, and the shares are unquestionably a good purchase at the present price.

Broken Hill Proprietary shares seem likely to advance to 60s. at least, in view of the very large profits now being made. Feb. 10, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. M.—We do not know the firm, but from the address we shrewdly suspect that the less you have to do with them the better.

YATS.—Your statement of the forward sale is at an abnormal price, and even if the output for 1912 is doubled, the profit will not be so large. We think we said enough, and would rather be under than over the mark.

QUEENSLAND.—The advice, if the stocks you hold are investments as distinguished from speculations, is sound, but we do not like the suggestions for reinvestment; not only are they things with a poor market, but of doubtful stability. We prefer Leopoldina Terminal 5 per cent. Debentures, Chilian Northern Railway 5 per cent. Debentures guaranteed by the Government, and Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific Railway 5 per cent. Twenty-year Gold bonds, lately issued by Messrs. Speyer. All good and cheap.

ABROAD.—You cannot do better than invest your money in Argentine National Mortgage Bank 6 per cent. bonds, guaranteed by the Government and to be bought at about 98. Instruct the British Bank of South America to buy in Buenos Ayres and remit the interest direct to you. By this means you will escape English income-tax.

MELODY.—To get the rubber, the bush is cut down, and it is questionable whether it ever grows again. The Company has therefore a wasting property.

DICK.—Very doubtful, and we are not advising the speculation. We believe that, sooner or later, good Kaffirs will pay to buy and hold; but the market is very much out of favour for a short gamble. If you will go in, buy such things as Wolhuter, Durban Roodeport, or Ginsberg.

ANXIOUS.—We should not advise paying a fee. See answers to "Queensland" and "Abroad." Both securities mentioned by you are good, sound things, and free from local taxation. Add City of Pernambuco 5 per Cent. Bonds and City of San Paulo 6 per Cent. Bonds to the list.

THE "FINANCIAL NEWS," LTD.—At the fifteenth ordinary general meeting of the Financial News, Ltd., held on the 8th inst. at the Company's offices at 111, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., Sir Ernest Flower, the chairman, said that the directors recommended a final dividend of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, which, with the 5 per cent. already paid, made 10 per cent. for the year. Further, they proposed to pay a bonus of 3s. per share on the Ordinary shares, thereby equalling a total distribution of 25 per cent. Sir Ernest Flower alluded to the important work done by the Empire Section of the Financial News as a centre of Imperial propaganda. As the result of a suggestion in their columns, an Anglo-Canadian Chamber of Commerce had recently sprung into being. The Chairman, in conclusion, warned the shareholders against persons in the North of England attempting to operate the Company's shares. The Rev. C. R. W. Hardy proposed that the Board should be asked to accept as an honorarium £200; but the Chairman, whilst expressing the Board's appreciation of the compliment, hoped the matter would not be pressed.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A New London. It was quite a new kind of London that we had last week—one of the most extraordinary variations. However, we had the King and Queen back, and we worried less than usual about the weather. When there was skating I saw some very well-turned-out ladies. One girl in a brown-velvet short skirt, trimmed with grebe round the hem, was doing the outside edge backward and forward, cutting threes and eights, and doing it all quietly, easily, with much grace. Her head-gear was a grebe toque with a high brown hackle; and a grebe collar was worn, and a muff carried. A muff is a great asset to a good and quiet skater. Near to this girl was another in a rough tweed skirt, a knitted golf jersey that had been white, and a golf-cap of the same complexion. She was technically the better skater of the two, and could have passed skating-club tests easily. She was, however, as awkward in her movements as the less-skilled ladies were charming. I desire no fresh irritation to Germany, but later I heard them speak. The brown lady was British, and the nearly white lady a Teuton. Men skating in tall hats and tailed coats looked quaint; probably skating had taken them unawares in their town clothes.

White and Snow-like, Dainty and Becoming.

We are now looking forward to bright days, which should have bright accompaniment. It is therefore good news that on Monday a Great White Sale began at Peter Robinson's well-known establishment in Oxford Street. The celebrated firm, who have a reputation for giving good value, anticipate with confidence that this sale will increase it. Never before have they felt so secure on this point. The lingerie is specially attractive, and in it there is wonderful choice at small cost. For instance, nighties can be chosen from five different styles at 6s. 11d.; they are of good quality French cambric, and are entirely hand-made. Again, at 8s. 11d. there is a choice of five different styles; also at higher prices, according to the elaboration of trimming. French cambric combinations are also in great variety as to styles and prices; all are hand-made and trimmed with embroidery and insertion. Camisoles and

muslin skirts are also dainty and pretty and in fine variety. Few things in this great sale will be more appreciated than the really charmingly graceful and dainty negligé gowns and jackets in white muslin. A gown having a large fichu, and prettily trimmed with lace and insertion, is 27s. 6d. There are white feather stoles and ruffs, masses of well-cut, well-made, and well-fitting white blouses; there are knitted golf coats, thirty-eight inches long,



PETER PAN'S PRESENT TO WENDY FROM THE TREE-TOPS: A "BABY WENDY'S CRADLE," MADE IN OAK ARBORITE.

The "Baby Wendy's Cradle" Fund was started to found a cot, to be known as "Baby Wendy's Cradle," at Sir William Treloar's Cripples' Hospital, at Alton, Hants. Donations and applications for collecting-cards should be addressed to "Peter Pan, Esq., The Tree Tops, Duke of York's Theatre, W.C." Peter will send a "Baby Wendy Cradle" free to anyone subscribing or collecting five pounds or more for his Fund, or he will send one post free to any address on receipt of eight shillings, his fund being benefited by every cradle he sells. One is on view at the theatre. Peter's Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Stanley Galpin, has already raised £100 for the fund, which has the support of Queen Alexandra.

handsome and becoming garments, for 27s. 6d. Women who love their homes will not neglect this opportunity for acquiring linen. There is a magnificent choice in table-cloths and table-napery. Sheets and pillow-cases are being sold at quite bargain prices, towels are in great variety, and really cheap white curtains, upon which so much depends in the character of a room, are remarkable value. Very handsome Scotch lace curtains, sixty inches wide and four yards long, are sold at 12s. a pair, the usual price being 15s. 9d.; while Saxony and muslin hemstitched curtains are substantially reduced in price.

The Line in Fur. That long line from shoulder to hem is never more effective than when it is carried out in soft fur on a dainty silken and lace gown. Such a dress I saw the other evening, worn by a tall and graceful actress who was dining out in private life. The dress was thick, cream-coloured Ottoman silk. One side of the top portion was in this fabric, the other beautifully draped soft Carrickmacross lace. Round the shoulders, joining the one to the other, was a band of dark fisher sable. At the left side of the waist this was caught across under a long buckle to a similar band round the back of the shoulders. It then descended at the side, widening to show a drapery of lace, beneath which it met again with a smaller buckle and fell in a single line to the hem. The sleeves, both of lace, came to the elbows, and fell thence in long points half-way down the skirt, ending with tassels of milk-white jet. Every woman in the room loved the gown, and every man admired it.

The Queenly Smile. There is a little story about the Queen which, if not true, has elements of truth in it. It is that her Majesty, passionately desirous of winning the affection of the masses, for whom and with whom she feels so keenly, said to an old dependent of her family that she could not feel, as she would like to do, that the crowds loved her, and she wondered why. The old woman looked very uncomfortable, hesitated, and at last said, "I ask your pardon, your Majesty, but could you smile at them more?—could you show them that you want them to like you?" The Queen, so the story goes, said sadly, "No, I don't think that I could do that; I cannot smile when I feel sad, and I do feel sad when there is a gap between me and the people; or perhaps"—rather wistfully—"it is only that I think there is." The old woman then told the Queen many things that people in her own rank of life had said—how good they thought the Queen, how kind she was, "but," they almost all added, "she never smiles at us!" The Queen's smile last week was as sunny as the days were cold and cheerless, and the crowds rose to it and cheered, and called out to the royal lady whose way into their hearts was so brightly illuminated. When in repose her Majesty's face is naturally very serious, and, like so many people with whom this is so, the smile is the sunnier and the warmer when it is there.



DAINTY NÉGLIGÉ AT PETER ROBINSON'S GREAT WHITE SALE IN OXFORD STREET: A WHITE MUSLIN WRAPPER AND A FLANNEL DRESSING-GOWN.

The Great White Sale at Peter Robinson's Oxford Street house began on Monday, the 12th. The dainty white muslin wrapper is draped with a large fichu and prettily trimmed with lace and insertion. The skirt is also trimmed with insertions of lace. The sale price is 27s. 6d. The flannel dressing-gown is a very useful garment. It has a hood, and broad revers and cuffs trimmed with delaine in a pretty design. The sale price is 21s.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Story of a Ploughboy."
By JAMES BRYCE.
(The Bodley Head.)

The author, who would appear to be himself the ploughboy in question, divides his history into three parts. In the first, while a lad, he endures the tyranny of toil as inflicted by the toilers themselves, and this, it may be said at once, is the most terrible experience of his life—it will scarcely be read by any without a feeling of sickness; the second, wherein the ploughboy rises to the position of factor to the laird of the countryside, deals with tyranny in the person of the great landowner; and the third, which finds the hero once more a working-man, his conscience having convicted him of treachery to his class while enforcing law upon the lord's tenants, is an indictment of the employer's tyranny towards his labourers. His inner history corresponds to these three themes. But the love and sympathy which he gave his employers as their factor were of that chivalrous kind peculiarly fitted for the weak and the oppressed, and almost unconsciously veered towards the tenants, even while he ground them in the laird's interests; just when his advancement was most certain he suddenly withdrew, and joined deliberately that band of workers who earn their weekly wage by back-breaking toil. Nowhere is the sympathy with the oppressed embittered by animus against the oppressors. On the contrary, there is a constant and well-sustained effort to maintain justice between well-meaning employers and their employes, slaves perhaps, but willing slaves too often to worse masters than those from whom they draw their wages. Well, he returned to these last, and received the classic fate of prophets. He had a great gospel to give them, but though it might justly be called a gospel of anarchy, it was too high and too austere and—shall it be said?—too capable of immediate practical experiment to appeal to the average working-man, who finds it easier to walk by faith in his Radical Government, or his Labour member, or his Trade Union. Love, which came to James Bryce twice, remote as a star in the blackness of his boyhood's misery, warm and ready to his hand for picking in the prosperous days, failed to create a diversion in his life. But once when he was ill, in his self-chosen poverty, his sweetheart came to visit him. She was shocked at his unmade bed and set herself to tidy it, and found therein a flea. With natural rejoicing at her promptitude, she held it triumphantly aloft in the act of killing. "I jumped up. 'Don't! don't kill it, Nina.' She looked at me in amazement. 'Don't,' I repeated, catching her arm. 'I never take the life of any creature. Please, Nina! . . . I couldn't be happy if I saw any living thing destroyed.' 'Nonsense, Jim! they're meant to be killed.' 'I couldn't be the means of killing


them, anyway.' 'What would you do with it?' she asked in a less impatient tone, though she still kept her thumb pressed tight against her mid-finger. 'Drop it out at the window,' and I held up the low sash. 'But it'll go on other people.' 'Perhaps not, and anyhow we've got rid of it without killing it, and that is a great deal.' This incident, he declares, left him with a sense of tenderness and joy, but it will probably leave the reader with a sense that all is not right with the flea or with the world. The consequence of such action, were it general, would be satisfactory for neither. And that is precisely the reflection with which Mr. Bryce's philosophy leaves us. In spite of that, and notwithstanding its painful, often ugly, details, quite unrelieved by any of the lighter touches which lend prettiness to fiction, "The Story of a Ploughboy" will be worth while reading to everyone who, in the words of Kenneth, Jim's mate, is "a bit o' a thinker."

"Fire in Stubble."
By BARONESS ORCZY.
(Methuen.)

Here is a romance, charmingly dressed in the mode Louis Quatorze, moving from Paris to London and back again! There is no room for shades in such a brilliant material world, where the eye is full of the gleaming paste and the delicate powder and the strange fashions. So Baroness Orczy does the well-bred, literary thing with her sweet maiden and scheming widow, with the vulgar, false Stowmaries, and the true one, that noble, splendid blackguard, "who bore the stamp of virility on every line of his massive frame." Poetic justice is dealt round to each in pieces as cunningly cut as the brocades; Rochester, that essential figure of seventeenth-century romance, lends his historic value to the grouping; and the thrill of the situation may be safely left to so practised a hand as that of the Baroness.

Full of matter, like Jaques in "As You Like It," but by no means, like him, melancholy, is "The Stage Year Book" for 1912, published at the Stage Offices, 16, York Street, Covent Garden. It is excellently and abundantly illustrated, as usual, and contains a large amount of theatrical information at home and abroad, as well as some lighter contributions, including verses on the Censorship by Mr. Mostyn Pigott, "A Tragedy of the Well-Meant."

In these days the pace of the social giddy-go-round is so speeded up that a monthly supplement to annual books of reference, recording changes due to deaths, marriages, honours, and appointments becomes a desideratum. Such useful information is admirably and compactly supplied in the new "Personal Calendar," published monthly by Messrs. E. Mansfield, 1, McLean's Buildings, New Street Square, E.C., at the modest price of sixpence. A loose portrait is given with each issue, that for the first issue being Mr. J. L. Garvin, the new editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.



No. 2.—INVESTIGATION!

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with *Ants upon the Ice!* *What is it Father Likes so Much?* *A Human Top*; *Dresses Designed by Paul Iribe*; *"The Constant Lover,"* at the *Royalty*; the *Siesta Sitting*; the *Sleep Sitting*; the *Thoughts Sitting*; the *Reflections Sitting*; a *Cool Imitation*; the *Turkey Trot*; *"Dame Nature Dresses"*; *Miss Muriel Ridley* in *"The Miracle."*

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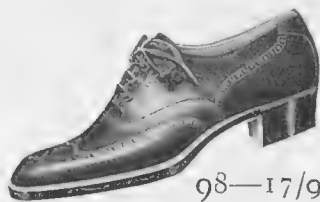
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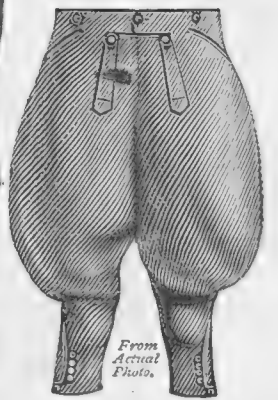
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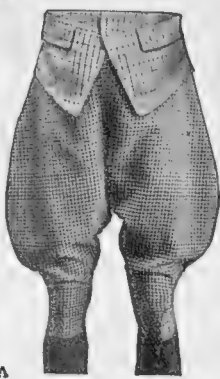
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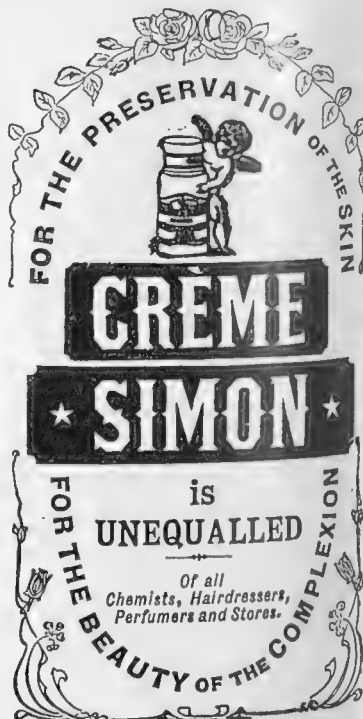
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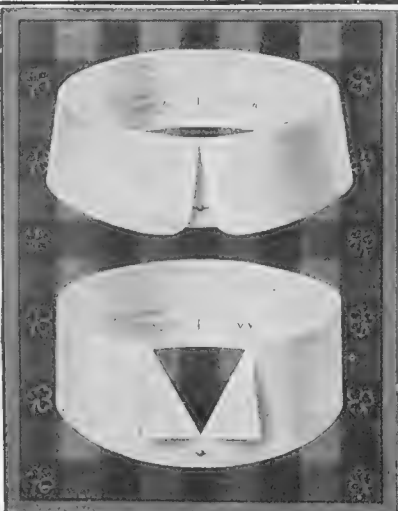
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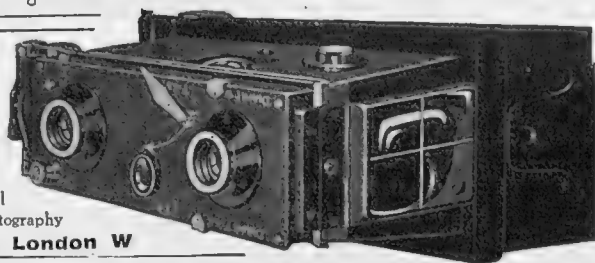
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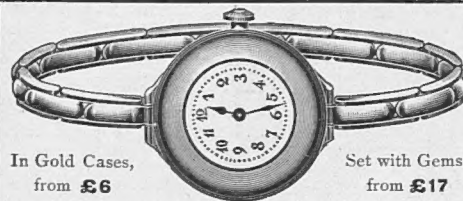
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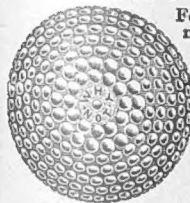
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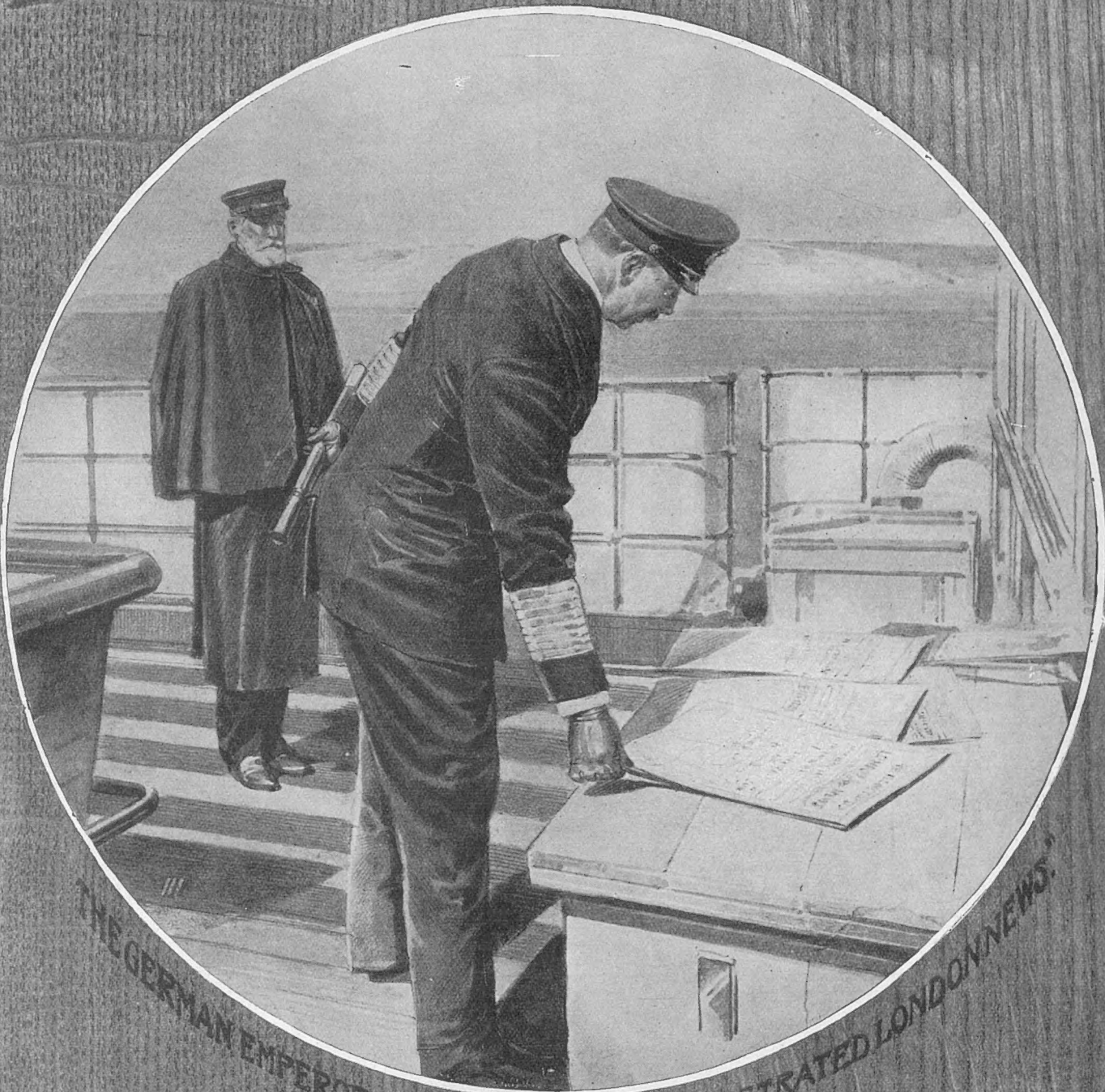
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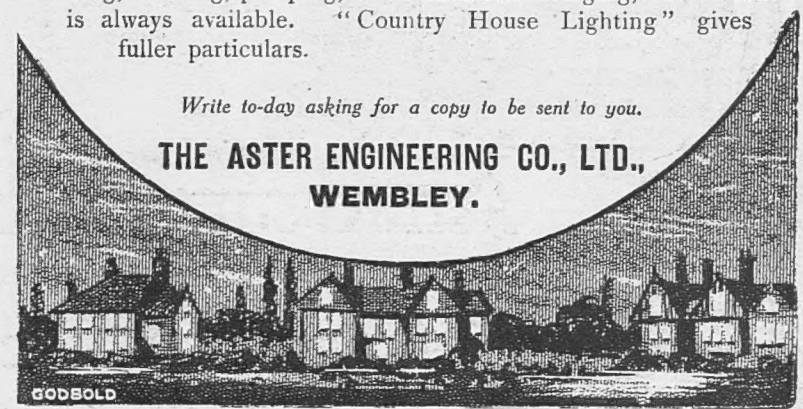
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